

THE
PILGRIM'S PROGRESS
FROM THIS
WORLD

TO
THAT which is to Come:

Deliver'd under the Similitude

OF A

D R E A M:

Wherein is Discovered,

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His Danger

Safe Arrival at

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THE
AUTHORS
APOLOGY
FOR HIS
BOOK.

When Things Divine I first began to write,
I understood not what I should indite,
And little thought this in the manner here,
Would prove a Piece in Publick to appear;
For I another Subject undertook,
Which this supplanted, and became a Book:
How that was left and this was made my Theme
Was unawares, as Drasny People dream;
For, writing that but with a drooping Quill,
Twas of the Way of Saints to Stood;
My Subject dropt into an Allegory
Concerning them, and of their Way to Glory.

The Author's Apology for his Book

My Method chang'd, I sweetly did proceed,
Of Studio^{us} force my Fancy had no need;
To make of Thoughts a long Laborious Chain,
Now 'twas attended with a willing Train:
With easy speed I my first Thoughts exprest,
On after them still the succeeding prest;
The Gen'rous Truths being forward to appear,
To bless and comfort such as have an Ear:
Yet thought I not my Writings to disclose,
And private Thoughts to Publick View expose;
Nor for another's Pleasure, only I
My own Diversion did intend hereby;
Therefore, but vacant Seasons in it spent,
That thus my Mind being oft on Heaven intent,
Might worser Thoughts more pleasantly avoid,
And be to gain the better Part employ'd:
At length I finish'd what I had begun,
And with my Pilgrim thro' his Troubles run;
To whom I having prov'd a Faithful Friend,
And seen him safely to his Journey's End,
Since it is all Men's Int'rest to obtain
The Heaven and Happiness I saw Him gain.
His History and Pilgrimage I show'd,
That it might be condemn'd or be allow'd.
One Part said Print it, others it decry'd,
Some said it would do good, which some deny'd.
I seeing them divided to Extreams,
Could from them hope no Favour but the Flame
Resol

The Author's Apology for his Book

Resolving since Two Parties could not do't,
Being Third my self, to give the Casting Vote
And have it Printed, for I thought that I
Should be unjust did I not gratify
Such as were willing to accept my Mite,
And seem'd to relish it with vast Delight,
Which could not give so great offence to those
Who did my Publishing hereof oppose,
Because I knew they might, when all was done,
If pleas'd, let the reading it alone:
To Principles of Moderation I
To bring them, thus Expostulated, Why
May I not write in such a strain as this,
And yet not of my good Intention miss
Of serving all? Why may it not be done?
Dark Clouds bring Water, when the bright bring none.
But Dark or Bright, if both their Silver Drops
Joyntly distill, the Earth by yielding Crops,
Returns her Smiles to both and ev'ry Field,
After kind Show'rs, present the Fruit they yield;
As o'er the Earth dark Clouds weep not in vain,
So may my honest Labours Profit gain;
Yea, more than those High-flying Clouds so bright,
Which seldom prove but Trifles in the Light.

Mind but a Fisherman, what ways he takes
To catch the Fish, what Instruments he makes,
What Arts he uses, and what Bait he gets;
What various Sorts of Gins, Pots, Hooks and Nets:

A 3

The Author's Apology for his Book.

Fish there be that neither Hook nor Line,
Art, Net, or Bait, can ever make 'em thine;
Only their nat'ral Food can them entice:
So some there be with nothing pleas'd but Vice.

How does the Fowler seek to catch his Game
By many ways, too numerous to name?
His Gun, his Net, his Lime-Twigs, Light and Bell,
He creeps, he goes, he runs, he rides; to tell
Of all his Methods would your Patience tire,
Yet oft does miss Fowls he does most desire.
So I, tho' ne'er so much to do't inclin'd,
Expected not to pleasure all Mankind.

What tho' I to the Learn'd Illit'rate seem,
I shall be had by good Men in Esteem:
The meanest Out-sides oftentimes include
The noblest Treasures and the chiefest Good;
The Race is not unto the Swift confin'd,
Nor Vict'ry only to the Strong inclin'd;
Nor have best Artists still the most Reward;
But no good Thing they want that fear the Lord:
On him I all my Expectation ground,
By whom alone we with Success are Crown'd.
The Wise and Good will not my Work disdain,
Because it is so honest and so plain,
If they therein can find Truths that excell
What does in high, but empty Notions dwell.
Still some may cry, We are not satisfy'd
Your Book, the Test of Censure will abide.

The Author's Apology for his Book

It is not only Dark say they, but Feign'd,
You only think, because you're shallow brain'd,
Mysterious Truths are Fictions: You Te Fools,
By Similes are serv'd as Trees serve Owls:
Th' Half-sighted Flowls i' th' Light against them fly,
As you Half-wits against a Simily:
But know, that Words more darkly viel'd than mine,
Have made the Truth more bright than Day-light
(Shine;

And Truth with Ornaments of Nature Cloath'd
Succeed, when Naked Truth's abhor'd and loath'd.

Solidity indeed becomes the Pen

Of those that publish Sacred Truths to Men;
But must he needs want Weightiness who draws
Truth to the Life by Nat'ral Things? The Laws
Of God of Old, were wholly shadow'd forth
By outward Types and Metaphors, whose worth
No Men of Understanding thought the less
Divine or Pure, tho' Clad in Nature's Dress,
But wondred rather Highest Wisdom should
So condescend, her Glories to unfold.

Thro' Calves and Sheep, the Heifers, Goats and
(Rams,

Birds, Sacrifices, Herbs and Blood of Lambs;
Thro' these God speaks; and they are wise and blest
Who find the Light and Grace thro' them express:
Be not too forward therefore to conclude
There's no true Weight in a Similitude.

The Author's Apology for his Book.

Things should not for meer outward shew be priz'd,
Nor Truths in Parables obscur'd despis'd,
Lest Things most hurtful lightly we receive,
And of the best of Things our Souls bereave.
My dark and cloudy Words but choicely hold
The Truth, as Cabinets inclose the Gold.

The Prophets us'd by Metaphors to tell
Their Antient Truths. They'll find who weigh it well,
To Earthly Minds the Truth himself our Lord
Without a Parable ne'er spoke a word.

Am I afraid to say of Holy Writ,
Whose pow'rful Stile out-shines all Humane Wit,
That all its Truths thro' Nature are disclos'd,
Like Christ, the Truth ith' Veil of Flesh enclos'd;
Who thro' it did such Glorious Light display,
As will convert our Mortal Night to Day.

Let ev'ry Critick view his Life's dark Line,
They'll find their own worse than the worst of mine;
And that the purest Act of them affords
More Cause of shame than any of my Words.
May we but stand before impartial Men,
I to their One will dare adventure Ten;
And that more Substance true adorns my Lines
Than all their Idols in Diana's Shrines
Tho' Silver'd o'er; they are but Wood and Stone,
For such as tast not Life, to gaze upon.
Truth do's, altho' in Ragged Dress, you'll find,
Inform the Judgment, rectify the Mind,

The

The Author's Apology for his Book

The Understanding please, and make the Will
Submit to God, with Good the Mem'ry fill;
The Mind with noble Contemplations please,
And all the Troubles of our Breasts appease.
Sound Words I know a Timothy must use,
And Old Wives Fables, which are vain, refuse;
But yet Grave Paul him no where has forbid
The Use of Parables, in which are hid
True Gold, True Pearls, and Precious Stones, which
(are
Worth digging for with all our Strength and Care:
I'll say but little more, O Man of God,
Does it offend, and seem unto thee odd
I put the Truth in such unpriestly Dress,
And in Mysterious Terms my self express
To you who are my Betters, as 'tis fit?
Three Things let me propose, then I submit.

1. I find not that I am deny'd the Use
Of this my Method, so I none abuse:
For, 'tis I find by Christ's Example, good
To use a Figure and Similitude;
If off his Veil the Righteous Sun had turn'd,
His Glorious Brightness would the World have burn'd;
Therefore, he thro' dark Parables conveys
Almighty Truth in sweet redeeming Rays.

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2. I find that Men in Dialogues declare
What otherwise the Reader would not bear ;
But if in such Discourses Men abuse
The real Truth, curs'd be the Craft they use :
Yet Reader, ne'ertheless, let Truth have free
Unbiaſt Intercourſe 'twixt Me and Thee.

3. I find both Testaments, the Old and New,
Exemplify the Method I perſue,
And yet obſtruet not Truth's redeeming Beams,
But ſhadow us from its too ſtrong Extreame,
Who elſe could bear its Everlaſting Flames,
Which ſhine thro' Nature for our greateſt Good,
To nourish all Degrees with fitteſt Food ?

To end th' Apology I undertook,
I'll to thee ſhew the Profit of my Book,
Committing thee and it into his Hand,
Who bates the Proud, by Faith makes weak ones ſtand.

Fiſt it deſcribes and ſets before thine Eyes
The Man that ſeeks the Everlaſting Prize ;
From whence he comes, and whither 'tis he goes,
Who are his Friends, Companions, and Foes,
What Hardſhips do a Pilgrim's Life attend,
What Glories Crown his Suff'rings in the End.

It ſhews how ſome ſet out for Liſe main,
At if they would the Crown of Liſe obtain ;

An

The Author's Apology for his Book

And shews the Cause to Sense and Reason, why
They lose their Labour, faint like Fools and die.

It shews thee how the Way of Life to find;
If thou wilt by its Counsel be inclin'd,
I will guide thee rightly to the Holy Land,
If thou wilt these Directions understand,
See it will make the slothful active be,
In it the Blind delightful Things may see.
Art thou for something full of true Delight,
Thro' Shades to Living Substance I invite:
Wouldst thou remember all Things, thou wilt find
The Comforter brings all Things to thy Mind;
Comforts which to thy Memory will cleave,
And Cordials in thy Breast, when helpless, leave.

This Book will prove to Minds a grateful Feast,
Which ne'er of Things Divine had yet a Tast:
It seems to be a Novel, yet contains
Nothing but sound and vital Gospel-strains.
Wouldst thou divert thy self from Melancholly,
Wouldst thou be pleasant, yet be far from Folly,
Life's Riddle read, with Explanations Crown'd,
And be in Heav'nly Contemplations drown'd.
Dost thou a Myst'ry love, or wouldst thou see
A Man i' th' Clouds, and hear him speak to thee?
Wouldst have a Dream and be from Sleep exempt,
And view with open Eyes what thou hast dreamt?
Clear as an Eagle wouldst thou see, yet find
How ignorant thou art of Heaven, and blind?

Wouldst

The Author's Apology for his Book.

Shouldst read thy own, thy Foe's, and Neighbour's
(Fate,

And know of all the good and evil State?
Then read the Dream this little Book contains,
'Twill Crown thy Expectation and thy Pains.

JOHN BUNYAN.

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THE
Pilgrim's Progress
IN THE
SIMILITUDE
OF A
DREAM.

As thro' the World's wide Wilderness I pass,
I to a certain Place arriv'd at last,
Where was a † Den; to rest within the
I laid me down, and fell into a Dream.
And saw a Man who in a lonesome Place
Cloathed with filth Rags, had turn'd his Face
from his own Home, yet was he at a stand
What Course to take: A Book was in his Hand.

† The Goal.

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A grievous Burthen did his Back oppress,
So heavy laden, he grew Comfortless;
Then in the Book he look'd, and try'd to find
Something to ease the Anguish of his Mind;
But as he read he wept, and trembl'd sore;
At last, being able to endure no more,
He did, as in the Height of Tortures, cry,
† *What shall I do, or whither shall I fly?*
In this sad Case yet Home he went again,
Long as he could he did himself retrain,
Least that his Wife and Children should perceive
His great Distress, and make him doubly grieve;
But he alas, could not be silent long,
His Troubles so encreas'd and grew so strong:
Therefore, he did at length his Mind unfold,
And thus his Fears and his Afflictions told.
Dear Wife and Children of my Bowells, hear
What I your Father and your Friend declare:
Find that in my self I am undone,
So great's the Load I bear, but cannot shun;
I also am assur'd this is its Doom,
That Fire from Heav'n our || City shall consume:
You my sweet Babes, my self, and thou my Dame,
Shall surely perish in avenging Flame,
Unless some way, as yet to me unknown,
Means for us to escape be to us shown.
When were his Relations fore amaz'd,
Not that they thought it true, but thought him craz'd;
So being Night, they hurry'd him to's Rest,
Thinking that Sleep would help and ease him best;
But Night to him was wretched as the Day,
In Sighs and Tears he pass'd th' Hours away.

† *Acts 27. 29. || This World,*

What

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When Morning came they askt him how he far'd,
He told them all Things worse and worse appear'd;
Renew'd his Warnings, but they hard'ned were,
And to him prov'd both scornful and severe.
Sometimes they mock, sometimes they him deride,
Neglect him long, and leave no means untry'd
To stop the Work of Grace in him begun,
And force him, like themselves, to be undone.
Wherefore, he to his Chamber oft repairs,
Pities, and seeks to do them good by Pray'rs;
Condoles his own and their unhappy Fate,
Does oft to Solitary Fields retreat:
Sometimes he reads, sometimes devoutly prays,
And thus a while he spent his mournful Days.

Now, on a time, as 'twas his Custom grown,
I saw him reading in the Fields alone,
And more than usual in his Mind distressed,
When as before he thus his Grief exprest,
In Anguish of his Soul, crying out again,
What shall I do salvation to obtain?
This way and that he lookt, and to and fro,
As if he'd run, but knew not where to go.

At last I saw a Beauteous Man appear,
Evangelist by Name, his Doubts to clear;
As good as great, thus spake the shining One,
Why dost thou make such lamentable moan?

Sir, says he, by this Book I find that I
Am as a Criminal condemn'd to die,
And after that to Judgment come, I read,
Both which o'er loaded with my Guile, I dread;

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Unwilling, unprepar'd for Fate's Command,
And in the Judgment know I cannot stand.

Then said *Evangelist*, Pray tell me why
Since so unhappy, yet so loath to die?

The Man replys, because my Burthen here
So much too heavy is for me to bear:
If it depress me to the Grave so fast,
'Twill sink me down to *Tophet* at the last;
And if for Prison I am not prepar'd,
'Twill with me go of Course, in Judgment hard,
From which I must to Execution go,
The Fears of which occasion all my Woe.

Evangelist return'd, If this be true,
Why stand'st thou still? Said he, What shall I do?

To him the Bright One gave a Parchment Roll,
Where this he written found within the Scroll,
† *For sake thy ALL, For sake thy EARTHLI HOME,*
Now is the Time, fly from the Wrath to come.

The Man being much concern'd at what he read,
Thus to *Evangelist* address'd and said:
From Wrath to come O whither shall I fly?
The kind *Evangelist* gave this Reply;
Pointing with's Finger, If yon Wicket-Gate
O'er the wide Field you see, go in thereat:
No cried He: Seest thou said he the Light
Which shines directly over it so bright?
I think I do he said: Then to it fly,
And for your Guidance keep it in your Eye;

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thou at length the Gate it's self shalt view,
When at it knock, they'll tell thee what to do.

So in my Dream I saw that he begun
With Trembling Hast the Way of Life to run :
But scarce from his own Door the Man was gone,
When Wife and Children found what he had done.
Now after him aloud Return they cry,
Who stopt his Ears and did the faster fly,
And not regarding either Child or Wife,
Man, crying, on *Life, Life, Eternal Life* ;
Nor on them lookt behind him back again,
But hast'ned yet more swiftly o'er the Plain.

The Neighbours flockt to see his pious Flight,
And on him gaz'd as on a monstrous Sight ; (Course,
Some mock'd, some scorn'd, some bid him change his
But Two there were would fetch him back by Force :
They *Obstinate* and *Pliable* were nam'd,
These overtook him, and his Conduct blam'd.

Chr. O Neighbours, wherefore do you me pursue
Christian reply'd ? So was he call'd and true.

Obst. and *Plia.* Return we pray ———

Chr. That I will never do.

You in the City of *Destruction* dwell,
Where dying thence you'll sink from Earth to Hell ;
Good Neighbours, with me travel Life to find.

Obst. What leave our Comforts and our Friends behind ?

Chr. Yes ; for your all which now you shall forsake
Unworthy is Comparison to make

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With but a little of that Glorious Gain
Which with me but hold out, you will obtain :
Where you, as well as I my self, shall fare,
Have all good Things, enough, and yet to spare.
Come, prove my Words. ———

Obst. What are the Things you'd have,
Since all the World you to obtain 'em leave ?

Chr. I seek Possessions that will never wast,
Joys never fading, undefil'd and chaste,
Which are in Heav'n kept safe to be bestow'd
On such as seek and prize 'em as they shou'd :
Read in my Book, see if it be not so.

Obst. Your Book ! Come, Come, back with us will you go ?

Chr. No ; to another Plow my Hand I've laid.

Obst. Come Neighbour, let's return, the Man is mad.
These Crazy-headed Coxcombs when they're seiz'd
With such Religious Whyms, are ne'er releas'd
Till tir'd themselves they are with Self-Conceit,
Who think their VVhims than Reason far more great.

Plia. Pray do not too much Obstinacy shew,
If what good *Christian* says be really true,
The Things he looks for better are than ours,
Reason you know investives over Pow'rs :
My Heart inclines his Journey to partake.

Obst. VVhat more Fools still ? Be rul'd, with me go back,
VVho knows where such a B a n-sick Fellow's Mind
VVill lead ? Return whilst you your VVay can find.

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Chr. Rather do you with *Pliable* proceed,
There are such Things as I relate indeed,
And many Glories more there are beside,
Lead, if you won't in what I say confide;
And for the Truth of what's herein reveal'd,
Behold, 'tis with his Blood that made it seal'd.

Plia. VVell Neighbour *Obstinate*, I am resolv'd
With this good Man's my Fate shall be involv'd;
But, good Companion, he to *Christian* says,
How you the way to this desired Place?

Chr. I am directed by a Man of Fame,
The Glorious *Evangelist* by Name,
Into a little Gate beyond the *Plain*,
Where we Directions of the VVay shall gain.

Plia. Come let us make, good Neighbour, better speed;
To they together forward did proceed.

Obst. But I will to my Native Place recede,
And not be by Fantastick Fools misled.
When *Obstinate* I saw was Home-ward gone,
Christian (I dreamt) and *Pliable* went on,
And with Discourse themselves did entertain,
Thus talking as they Journey'd o'er the *Plain*.

Plia. Dear Brother *Christian*, since we are alone,
Tell me what Blessings more were to thee shown,
And what Possessions are to make us blest,
Where we are going, to Eternal Rest.

Chr. I can conceive them better in my Mind
Than they can by me be in VVords defin'd;

But

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But since you would the Knowledge of them gain,
Hear what my Book does of their worth contain.

Plia. Think you therein all is Reality ?

Chr. Yes ; for 'tis made by him that cannot lye.

Plia. Well said, let's hear what in it is contain'd.

Chr. There is an Endless Kingdom to be gain'd ;
To us there's Life Eternal to be giv'n,
And all the Bliss and Joys that make a Heav'n.

Plia. What else ? You speak of Joys that have no Bounds

Chr. They also there will give us Glorious Crowns,
And Garments that will make us shine as bright
As does the Sun in his Méridian Light.

Plia. 'Tis very Pleasant, pray what else declare ?

Chr. There's no more Crying nor yet Sorrow there,
The King thereof, if we his Will obey,
Will from our Eyes wipe all our Tears away.

Plia. What Company shal we therein enjoy ?

Chr. Cherubs and Seraphs, all the Hosts on High,
Angels, Apostles, Prophets, Martyrs blest,
And all the Just that were on Earth oppress'd ;
There Thousands and Ten Thousands we shall meet,
Before us gone, all ready us to greet ;
None hurrid, but all kind and holy are,
Perfect in Love, which knows no Pain or Fears.

Win

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With perfect Grace they all their God Adore,
Accepted in his sight for evermore.

Elders and Virgins there we shall behold,

All having Golden Crowns and Harps of Gold :

There all that dy'd by Beasts, Floods, Flames, or Men,
For Love of Christ, shall we find whole agen ;

All Lively, Happy, Glorious, Crown'd and Bright,
And Cloathed with Immortal Robes of Light.

Plia. How Ravishing it is these Truths to hear !
But how of Joys so great shall we have share ?

Chr. The Lord and Sov'reign of this real Heav'n
Declares, it freely to us shall be giv'n.

Plia. How Joyful is the News of so much Grace
Come on Dear Friend, and let us mend our Pace.

Chr. My Burthen is so great I cannot run.

Now, in my Dream, I saw when they had done
With their Discourse a Slough of Miry Clay
I th' middle of the *Pluin*, and in their way ;
The heedless Pilgrims fell into the same,
The Slough of *Desp'nd* was thereof the Name,
In which they struggling long begun to tire,
Poor *christian*'s Load ev'n sunk him in the Mire.

Plia. Ah Neighbour *Christian*, ah where are you now

Chr. Truly my self dear Friend, I hardly know.
Here *Pliable* offended, angry grew.

Plia. Is this th' Happiness you lead me to ?

If such ill Luck already us attend,
 What mayn't we fear afore our Journeys End?
 So I get out with Life again, go on,
 You shall possess your Golden Hopes alone.

So with some desp'rate Struggles, out again
 He got, and did next Home firm Ground attain;
 So Home he went, and *Christian* saw him gone,
 Being left to struggle in the Mire alone,
 Who still endeavour'd thro' the Slough to make,
 But cou'd not for the Burthen on his Back;
 But one I saw, came to him, in my Dream,
 Said he, what dost thou here? *Help* was his Name.

Chr. Sir, I by one *Evangelist* was bid
 This way to go; accordingly I did
 My Course to yonder Wicket try to shape,
 That from the *Wrath to come* I might escape,
 So heedless fell into this Misery.

Help. Why did you not to find the Footsteps try?

Chr. Fear follow'd hard, so nearest ways I fled,
 By Desperation, not Discretion, led.

Help. Lend me your Hand; since now y'are safe again
 Walk warily, yet hasten o'er the Plain.

To him that helpt him then I slept and I said,
 Since from *Destruction*, Sir, this way does lead,
 To th' Wicket-Gate why mend you not the Place,
 That Travellers may on securely pass.
 This Miry Slough, said he, 's the Sink my Friend,
 O'th' filth which Sin's Conviction does attend;

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For when the Sinner's first awaken'd still,
His Soul is full of Trouble, Fears and Ill,
VVhich settle all together in this Place,
And make the Slough so difficult to pass.

The King's Surveyors Seventeen Hundred Years
To mend it strove, with all their Pains and Pray'rs;
Millions of Loads here swallow'd up have been,
Brought from all Gospel Parts and thrown herein:
From all his Kingdoms, both of Law and Grace,
Are good Instructions sent to mend this Place,
That these the best Materials are be'o v
They say, that best the Nature of it know,
To be the Slough of Despond; 'twill remain
As long as Sin, or Death for Sin shall reign.
Th' Almighty Legislator there has made
Certain Substantial Footsteps to be laid
Quite thro' the middle of the Slough, 'tis true,
VVhich at such times as this such filth doesspue,
VVhich from the Pit that's Bottomless ascends,
Tis hard to know which way each Footstep tends,
The Steps of which if any cannot keep.
They're daub'd to th' purpose in its filthy Deep;
But when you once the VVicket-Gate have past,
The Ground is good and solid to the last.
Now in my Dream I saw, that o'er the Plain,
Poor Pliable was got quite Home again;
His Neighbours came to their returned Friend,
His VVisdom some in coming back commend;
Some mockt his Cowardice and said, since you
Begun 'twas base you did not venture through,
And for a single Hardship to retreat,
So Pliable among them sneaking late:

But

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But he at last did more Assurance take,
Then all at *Christian* ra l'd behind his Back ;
So *Pliable* regain'd his former Ease.

Now *Christian* walkt a solitary pace,
And as he by himself went pensive on,
Tow'rds him to come he saw a Man unknown ;
Just as they crost they to each other came.
Now *Worldly-Wiseman* was the Stranger's Name,
In Carnal Policy he did reside,
A Town not from Destruction far aside:
Now *Christian* being made the Country Talk,
He knew 'twas him by his Laborious VValk,
Therefore to *Christian* thus himself Address.

Worldl. How now good Fellow, whither thus opprest

Chr. Opprest indeed ! And since you ask me where
I go, 'tis to yon VVicket-Gate, for there
I am inform'd, I of my Burthen here
Shall be releas'd, for me too great to bear.

Worldl. Hast thou got any Children or a VVife ?

Chr. Yes; but no Comfort take i'th' Joys of Life;
I what I have as if I had not own,
Because so much beneath my Load I groan.

Worldl. VVilt take my Counsel if I give it thee?

Chr. Yes, if your Counsel good and faithful be ;
For of such Counsel 'tis I stand in need.

Worldl. Get of thy heavy Barthen rid with speed

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Hee advise, 'twill only end thy Woes,
Ife canst thou not enjoy what Heav'n bestows.

Chr. 'Tis that I seek for, what I cannot gain,
None in our Country e'er cou'd ease my Pain,
Therefore I go this way so much dismay'd.

Worldl. VWho bid you this way go to seek for Aid?

Chr. A Man of Great and Honourable Fame,
Evangelist, you've doubtless heard his Name.

Worldl. Beshrew him for his Counsel, thou'rt not wise,
There's none on Earth would such a Course advise;
See thou hast been in the dirty Slough,
And wilt, if thou go'st on, meet Grievs enough;
It leads thro' Toils to th' Mouth of Hell beneath,
Swords, Lions, Dragons, Darkness, Fiends, and Death:
That this is true I many Proofs can show,
Art mad, to trust a Man thou dost not know?

Chr. Why Sir the Burthen on my Back's so great,
All you can say is not of half the Weight;
The worst that I can meet I shall not mind
So I but of my Burthen Riddance find.

Worldl. How was it you at first the Burthen got?

Chr. By reading in this Book. ———

Worldl. Just as I thought:
Weak Men will meddling be with Things too High,
And when they're mad, at all Adventures fly.

Chr. 'Tis of my Burthen I would Riddance gain.

Worldl. And wilt thou seek for Ease with so much Pain?

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Hear me with Patience, if thou'lt understand,
I'll tell thee of a Remedy at hand,
By which thou shalt not only Dangers shun,
But Safety, Friendship, and Content are won.

Chr. Shew, worthy Sir, this Secret unto me.

Worldl. Why in Yon Village call'd *Morality*,
Legality a Gentleman of Fame,
Of good Report, of an Illustrious Name,
Does help such Burthens off, and ease the Heart,
He can I know do VVonders by his Art:
He'll cure you tho' your Load had craz'd your Mind,
Unto him hast, a Remedy you'll find.
His House is scarce a Mile from this your Road,
But if himself should chance to be Abroad,
Civility his own Ingenious Son,
Is one by whom your Bus'ness may be done,
He of thy Burthen will thee dispossess,
And re-instate thee in thy former Peace;
Thence Home thou mayst return, but I advise
Thee not to do't, thou mayst if thou art wise,
To's Village fetch thy Children and thy VVife,
And lead therein an honest, happy Life:
There empty Houses are whose Rent's not high,
There cheap and good Provisions you may buy,
And there with honest Neighbours safe and well
You in good Credit may and Fashion dwell.

Christian at this Advice began to pause,
But soon concluded that if true it was,
He must be doubtless very much unwise
Who would not take such probable Advice.

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Chr. To me the way Sir to his Dwelling tell.

Worldl. Yonder high † Hill dost see? *Chr.* Yes, very well.

Worldl. Go by it, the first House you'll see is his.

So *Christian* turn'd aside and walkt amiss.
Now being near, the † Hill it seem'd so high,
That Part which also next the Road did lie
O'erhung so much that *Christian* was afraid,
Should he proceed, 'twould tumble on his Head;
So he stood still and knew not what to do,
His Burthen also on him heavier grew;
Flashes of Fire forth from the Mountain fly,
And made him sweat with Fear and Agony.
Now *Worldly-Wiseman's* Counsel was he saw,
Not Consonant to Gospel or the Law:
Thus lost 'Evangelist unto him came;
(At sight of whom he blusht for very shame.)
Who to him with a dreadful Look thus said,
What dost thou here? The Pilgrim was afraid,
And Speechless stood. Art thou the Man said he,
Who near *Destruction* felt such Misery?

Chr. I am the Man, Dear Sir, what shall I do?

Evang. Did I not bid thee to the VVicket go?

Chr. You did. *Evang.* How durst thou then to turn aside,
Why didst thou not i' th' Narrow VVay abide?

Chr. Being almost in the Slough of Despond lost,
Gentleman who me in Trav'ling crost,

† *M. Sinai.* † He fears the Hill will fall upon him.

Told me that here a little from the Road
I might find one would ease me of my Load.

Evang. What was he? —

Chr. He lookt like a Gentleman,
And by much Talk my Knowledge over-ran,
So I at last did to his Counsel yield;
When I the Hill o'erhang the Way beheld
I stopt, for fear it on my Head should fall.

Evang. What said he to thee? —

Chr. Why, he ask'd me all
The Circumstances which my Life attend,
And whither 'twas to go I did intend,
What Family I had; I answer'd all he'd ask,
Said he, to leave your Burthen's now your Task,
His Subtlety and Smoothness made me yield
To use the shortest Method to be heal'd:
But when I of this Danger had a view,
I stopt for fear, and knew not what to do.

Evang. Stand still, to thee I will God's Word proclaim
So he stood trembling at th' Almighty's Name.

† See ye refuse not him that speaks; if they
Escap'd not, who refused to obey
Him that on Earth did speak, much less shall those
Escape, who him that spake from Heav'n oppose.
The Just shall live by Faith, who so draws back,
In such my Soul shall any Pleasure take.
Thou art the Man; this is thy Misery,
The Counsel to reject of the most High;
To leave the way of Peace thou hast begun
And art almost into Perdition run.

down at his Feet ev'n Dead poor *Christian* fell,
 and cry'd I am undone, I sink to Hell:
Evangelist hold of him sinking caught,
 and thus with Comfort to revive him sought.
All Sins and Blasphemies God will forgive,
Not if y' are faithless, but if you believe.
 At this a little he reviv'd again,
 And trembling stood, thro' Weakness, Fear and Pain.
 Th' *Evangelist* said, (pitying his Estate)
 Give earnest heed to what I shall relate;
 Who 'twas deluded thee I'll to thee shew,
 And what the Person was he sent thee to.
 His Name was *Worldly-Wiseman* whom you met,
 Rightly so call'd because his Mind is set
 on Things Below; the Church he most does use
 in *Morality*, which he does chuse,
 Cause from its Doctrine he receives no Loss,
 Not compelling him to bear his Cross:
 's of an Earthly Temper, therefore he
 Perverts my ways by *Carnal Policy*.
 Three Things you in his Counsel must detect.
 1. His turning thee out of the VVay that's best.
 2. His Subtily to make thee hate the Cross.
 3. His setting thee in ways of Shame and Loss,
 Which to the Ministration lead of Death,
 Drawing thy Soul from Christ to Shades beneath.
 Thou must abhor his turning thee aside,
 Thy self severely for consenting chide,
 For 'tis God's Counsel to reject
 And have for *Worldly-Wisemen* such Respect:

Mat. 12. 31.

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The Lord commands thee mightily to strive
 Whichin Life's strait and humble Gate t' arrive,
 Where thee I sent, for know, † *strait is the Gate*
That leads to Life, and few go in therett.

From this strait Gate, and from the way of God,
 This wicked VVorldling turn'd thee to the Road
 Which did thee almost to Destruction lead,
 And to the Lot and Portion of the Dead;
 O therefore hate his turning thee aside,
 Abhor thy self who didst in him confide.

2. Thou must abhor his Craft for Christ's own sake
 Who would th' Cross unto thee odious make;
 Thou must the Cross before the Crown prefer,
 More than all Egypt's Treasure prize it here;
 Besides, to thee the King of Glory shows,
 || *He that will save his Life his Life shall lose.*

For he that would his worthy Follower prove,
 Must for the Son of God's unbounded Love,
 Leave Father, Mother, Brethren, Sisters, VVife,
 Children, his All, yea and very Life.

Therefore, I say, if Man would thee perswade
 That that will be thy Death which Christ has said
 Is the sole means Eternal Life to gain,
 Such Doctrine thou must utterly disdain.

3. Abhor his making thee i' th' way to tread
 Which does unto Death's Ministration lead
 For this; but think what help he to thee shew'd,
 And how unfit to take away thy Load.
 He whom he sent thee to a Cure to have
 Is nam'd Legabrey, Son of a Slave,

Woman who does now in Bondage lie
 With him and all her whole Posterity,
 And in a Myſt'ry's this Mount *Sinai*
 Which ready is, thou ſeeſt, on thee to fall;
 Now if ſhe with her Children is in Thrall,
 How canſt thou be by her or him made free,
 Or loſe thy Burthen thro' *Legality*?
 You can't by th' VVorks o'th' Law be juſtify'd,
 Nor by its Deeds be of your Burthen rid.
 An Alien *Worldly-Wiſeman* is you ſee,
Legality a Cheat, *Civility*,
 For all his ſimp'ring Looks, a Hypocrite:
 They can't, (believe me,) help thy heavy Plight.
 There truly nothing is in all the Noiſe
 Of theſe meer formal Men, that's worth thy Choice;
 Nor Ought in their whole Lifeleſs Generation
 But Tricks to cheat thee out of thy Salvation.
Evangelift here his Diſcourſes ſtaid,
 And calls the Heav'ns to witneſs what he ſaid;
 So from the Mountain there burſt forth a Fire,
 Which made poor *Chriſtian* almoſt to expire;
 For underneath its dreadful Rocks he ſtood,
 Which rais'd his Hair, and chil'd the Pilgrim's Blood;
 And VVords in Thunder thus were to him ſpoke
 From *Sinai's* Top, which ſhook the very Rock.

† “ As many as i'th' VVorks o'th' Law confide
 Under the Curſe and Wrath of God abide;
 For it is written curs'd is ev'ry one
 Who has not all the Law for ever done.

Now *Chriſtian* look'd for nothing but to die,
 And did with dreadful Lamentations cry,

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Curs'd be the Time that ever I, said he,
Did Carnal *Worldly-Wiseman* meet and see.
What Shame and Sorrow does it to me bring,
That Arguments which but from Flesh did spring,
Such Prevalency o'er my Frailty won,
That for them I from Paths of Peace should run?
This done, he to *Evangelist* himself apply'd,
And in the following Words and Sense he cry'd.

Chr. What think you Sir, what Hopes for me remain
Of getting back to the right way again,
And going on up to the Wicket-Gate,
O shall I have Admission in thereat,
And not abandon'd, be sent back from thence
For this my Faithless, sinful, great Offence,
Who did the Counsel of the High'st despise,
Thro' the Suggestions of the *Worly-Wise*?
May I find Mercy from Indulgent Heav'n,
And have this great Offence thro' Christ forgiven?

Evang. O Pilgrim know thy Sin is very great,
Two Evils thou hereby didst perpetrate;
Thou didst the way of Righteousness forsake,
And wouldst in Paths forbidden Comfort take;
Yet will the Man thee at the Gate receive,
Who has good Will for Men that they may live.
Take heed you turn no more aside I pray,
Lest you at last should perish from the way.
† If his Wrath kindled is yea but a little,
They are blest whose Faith does them to's Grace entitle.
When *Christian* to return himself address,
Evangelist kist smil'd, and him he blest.

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So on he went, and would to no one speak,
Thought they askt him he'd no Answer make,
But went like one for Life, since he had found
What 'twas to tread upon forbidden Ground,
And would by no means think his Danger o'er
Till he regain'd the way he left before
For *Worldly-Wiseman's* Counsel. So with Hast
He to the Wicket-Gate arriv'd at last,
O'er which he did on this Inscription look,
It shall be open'd to you if you knock.
Therefore he sev'ral times did knock thereat,
Saying, *To a Pilgrim open the Wicket-Gate.*

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May I not enter here, will he within
 Open to let me, tho' I have been
 An unleserving Rebel? Then shall I
 Not fail to sing his lasting Praise on High.

At last there came a Person to the Gate
Named *Goodwill*, said he, who knocks thereat?
Whence came he, and what is it he would have?

Chr. A heavy laden Soul does Entrance crave,
A Sinner from *Destruction's* City Home,
Flying to Mount Zion from the *Wrath to come*;
Being told my way, Sir, lies thro' this your Gate,
, if you please, would enter in thereat.

Goodwill. I willing am with all my Heart you should.
So op'd the Gate, Him in with hast he pull'd.

Chr. Kind Sir, why force you me to make such hast?

Goodw. A Castle hence a little distance plac'd,
You from the Gate may see a strong Defence;
Where *Belzebub* is Captain, know from thence
How he and those that with him dwell therein,
At such as come to th' Gate shoot Arrows keen,
That they may die e'er they can enter in.

Chr. I tremble, yet I much rejoice to find
I am not by his Hand to fall design'd;
But safely have an Entrance here obtain'd.

Goodw. How was't hereof that you the Knowledge gain?

Chr. *Evangelist* to me your Gate did show,
And told me, Sir, you'd tell me what to do.

Goodw. The open Doors before thee none can close.

Chr. Now reap Benefits for all my Woe.

Goodw. How was it you from Danger fled alone?

Chr. As I saw mine no others saw their Woe.

Goodw.

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Goodm. Did any of them of your Coming know?

Chr. From them my Wife and Children saw me go,
And to me say'd Return; and likewise some
Who were my Neighbours bid me stay at Home;
But I to all was deaf, and hither fled.

Goodm. Did none pursue you back to have mist-d?

Chr. Yes; *Obstinate* and *Pliable* pursu'd,
But finding with me they could do no good;
Obstinate went Railing back again,
But *Pliable* came partly o'er the Plain.

Goodm. Why did he not come thro' ? **Chr.** The Truth to
We both into the Slough of *Dessond* fell (Cry)
At unawares; where Neighbour *Pliable*
Discourag'd was, tho' more than I able
On to proceed, yet he'd no farther come,
But getting out on that side next his Home,
Says he, alone for me possess you may
Your brave *Utopia*, so he went his way,
And back returned after *Obstinate*,
While I came forwards to your Wicket-Gate.

Goodm. Alas, poor Man, are Life's Celestial Joys
By him accounted such poor worthless Toys
That he would not endure a Moment's Pain
And Loss, a Blest Eternity to gain?

Chr. I have to *Pliable* indeed been just,
But lay as much too of my self I must,
If 'twixt Us Things must be in Ballance laid;
'Tis true, he to come forwards was afraid;
I ut to the Ways of Death I turn'd aside,
And did in *Worldly-Wiseman's* Lies confide.

Goodm.

Goodw. O did he on you light, advis'd I e not
 of *Legalitie* your Ease t' have sought?

Did you his Counsel take? *Chr.* Far as I durst.
 I went to find him, till by Feares being forc'd
 to stop; my Load increased with my Dread,
 lest *Sinners*'s Rocks should tumble on my Head.

Goodw. That Mountain has the Death of many been,
 and will the Grave of many more be seen;
 'twas well to Pieces by't not dash'd you were.

Chr. I know not what might have befalln me there,
 had not *Evangelist* came to me when I knew
 As oft it was my Luck) not what to do.
 But 'twas God's Mercy that he should come thither,
 for, to my Ruin, I had ne'er come hither;
 Who more deserv'd beneath the Rocks a Grave,
 than this great Honour with my Lord to have.
 His Grace indeed, before him to appear,
 and that I'm yet admitted Entrance here.

Goodw. we no Objections against any make
 for what is past, who Journeys hither take;
 no wise they may by us be cast out,
 therefore come with me, *Christian*, thee about
 the way I'll teach in which thou art to go,
 observe that Narrow Way I to thee show,
 that is the Way which does to Glory lead,
 Patriarchs, Prophets, CHRIST, Apostles, made
 as strait as Rule can make it true;
 this is the Way, the Way of Life to you.

Chr. Is there no Turnings in't, nor Windings In,
 here th' Ignorant may from True Uprightness

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Goodw. Yes, there are many Ways, but down on this
Crooked and wide, but you may of them miss,
And thus distinguish'd at an easy rate,
The Right is only narrow, just and strait.
In my Dream, saw *Christian* did request
By him to be of's Burthen dispossess;
For he thereof no Riddance could, as yet,
O' th' Burthen on his Back from any get.
Said *Goodwill*, Be content as yet to bear
Thy Load, till in due time thou comest where
It, of its self, from off thy Back will fall.
Then *Christian* girded up his Loyns withal,
And to his Journey did himself Address.
But said the other, At a certain Place
Some Distance hence, you'll at a House arrive,
Wherein the True Interpreter does live;
There knock, and tell them thee I to them sent,
They'll shew thee Things that are most Excellent.
Then took he leave of his most generous Friend,
Who did him to the God of Heav'n commend:
So on he went, till to the House he came,
And knock'd with Eagerness oft at the same.
At last came One and askt him who was there?

Chr. Here is, kind Sir, a laden Traveller,
To the Good Man hereof by *Goodwill* sent,
To profit here by Things most Excellent;
To speak with th' Master of the House I crave,
Who to him came, and ask'd him what he'd have?

Chr. I am from th' City of Destruction come,
A Pilgrim, going to Mount Zion Home,
From him who keeps the Wicket-Gate being sent
To you, to shew me Things most Excellent,

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a thin which to me in my way will helpful prove.

Interp. Come, I will shew thee Truths of wondrous Love:
He bid his Man to fetch, on this Ocasion,
And light the Candle of Illumination;
Whence withdrew into a private Room,
Desiring *Christian* after him to come,
And bid his Man unlock a Door therein;
Which done, by *Christian* was a Picture seen
Of One most Reverend hung against the Wall,
Of which I give you a Description shall
With Eyes up lifted to the Heavens on High,
He held the best of Books for History;
The Gracious Law of Kindness and of Truth
Writ in his Heart, was always in his Mouth:
The World behind his Back was cast, it stood
As if with Men it pleaded for their Good;
His great Majesty it shew'd of high Renown,
And o'er his Head was plac'd a Glorious Crown.

Chr. What meaneth this? *Int.* The Man whose Picture
The Traveller, one of Ten Thousand is;
The Children can beget, conceive and rear
Them up himself, when born in Christ they are.
Whereas you see his Eyes to Heaven are rais'd,
And with the best of Books his Hand is grac'd,
And on his Lips the Law of Truth you view,
This does what is his Work unto you shew,
By whom to Sinners Myst'ries are reveal'd,
Even as he is to plead with Men befeld:
Whereas thou seest the World behind him cast,
And o'er his Head a Crown of Glory plac'd,
It is to shew thee that his nobler Love
Lies in his Thoughts, and not in his Words:
His Thoughts Things Below, being set on Things Above.

Sure

Sure, for the Zeal he here to Christ has shown,
 Hereafter to obtain Life's Glorious Crown.
 This, said *Interpreter*, I shew'd you first,
 Who is the only Man by whom you must;
 Being Authorized by the Lord alone,
 Be thro' all Hazards led to Mount Zion:
 Give therefore heed to what has shewn thee been,
 And in thy Mind bear well what thou hast seen,
 Least some thou'lt meet pretend thee right to lead,
 But by their ways conduct thee to the Dead.
 Thence to a Parlour very large they stept,
 'Twas full of Dust, because 'twas never swept.
 After a while he did his Man command
 To fetch a Broom, and sweep it out of Hand.
 As he begun, the Dust began to fly
 So thick, that *Christian* ev'n was choak'd thereby.
Interpreter then bid a Damsel come
 And sprinkle Water over all the Room;
 Which done 'twas cleans'd, now, rather with Delight.

Chr. O kind *Interpreter*, what mean you by't?

Interp. This Parlour is Man's Heart, a sinful Place
 Ne'er Sanctify'd by Sweets of Gospel Grace;
 This Dust is Sin Original, the Soil
 And Filth which does th' whole Inward Man defile:
 The Law was him who so much Dust did raise,
 But she that sprinkl'd it was Gospel-Grace.
 Now when the Law did sweep the Room thou saw'st,
 He cou'd not clean it but thou ev'n choaked wast;
 This shews the Law frees not the Heart from Sin,
 But does revive and strengthen it within,
 Increasing what it in the Soul does shew,
 Forbids, but gives not Pow'r Sin to subdue.

What

What Gospel-Grace did with the Water do,
 Who it with Pleasure c'leans'd, does to thee shew,
 That when the Gospel comes with Grace and Light,
 Sin's Dust is laid, Sin perish'd out of sight,
 The Soul thro' Faith made whole, and cleans'd so well.
 Therein the King of Glory yields to dwell,
 They thence did to a little Room repair,
 Where sat two Children, each o' e in his Chair;
 One *Passion* was, *Patience* was t'others Name,
Passion was mov'd, *Patience* in Peaceful Frame.

Chr. Wherefore is *Passion* so disturb'd I pray?

Interp. Because their Governour will have them stay
 For their best Things until a Future Day,
 He'll have it now, but *Patience* wills it not;
 When one to *Passion* Bags of Treasure brought,
 And laid it at his Feet; he ceas'd to mourn,
 And fill'd with Joy laugh'd *Patience* ev'n to Scorn.
 Soon I saw an End of all his Gain,
 He had nothing left but Rags and Pain.

Chr. This Matter fully pray to me explain.

Interp. These Lads the Figures are of all Mankind,
 One *Patience* guides, *Passion* the rest does blind.
Passion is of the Earth, *Patience* of Heaven,
Passion will here have all Things to him given;
 Worldlings here will all their Good Things have;
 In the next World they care not this to leave:
 But th' Next and Heaven they do not care a Rush,
 As World's the 1st Bird in Hand, Tho' e 2nd is (b) Bush.
 As Proverb has more Force upon their Sense
 In Things of Highest Truth and Excellence.

But as his Riches flew wth Wings away,
And his Rich Cloathing did to Rags decay,
So Worldlings sink into a Grave of Clay.

Chr. *Patience* I see exceedingly is blest,
His Wisdom is on all Accounts the best,
Who for his best Things stays, and will obtain
Glory when no other does in Rags remain.

Interp. Add that his Glory never will decay,
(But this World's Glories quickly pass away)
Passion at *Patience* had not Cause to laugh
So much as *Patience* has at him, by half.
First yields to Last, Last ever does succeed,
So must be Everlasting Good indeed.
Therefore it was to *Dives* said, † *Thou still*
Hadst in thy Life time Good Things, Lazarus IN,
But now he has obtain'd the better Part,
He's comforted, but thou tormented art.

Chr. For present Things I'll take not too much Care,
But seek in Future Everlasting Share.

Int. True; for the Things which seen but Temporal are
But Things Eternal do not yet appear.
Things present do our Fleishly Appetite
To them, as Neighbours near, too oft invite,
But Things to come have not with Carnal Sense
At all so much as any Conference;
Therefore the first in Amity conjoyn,
Whilst these to greater Distance still incline.
Then in my Dream, I saw *Interpreter*
Did *Christian* to another Place refer,

† Luke 16. 25.

Where

Where burning 'gainst a Wall a Fire was plac'd,
 On which One standing by much Water cast,
 Yet still the Fire burnt up more hot and high,
Sr. Christian said, what does this signify?
 This Fire's the Work of Grace within us wrought,
 He is the Devil who to quench it sought;
 But why the Fire did rather fiercer flame
 On th' other side the Wall, you of the same
 The Cause will see: There saw he one to stand
 Who held of Oyl a Vessel in his Hand,
 Which constantly, but secretly, he cast
 Into the Fire, which made it flame and last.
 Said *Christian*, What hereby is signify'd?
 Th' *Interpreter* unto him thus reply'd;
 'Tis Christ, who always with his Oyl of Grace,
 Maintains Life's Fire, which in our Hearts has Place,
 By which, tho' Satan to his utmost strive,
 Good Souls remain, by Faith, in Grace alive.
 In that thou didst behold the Man remain
 Behind the Wall, the Fire for to maintain,
 It shews, 'tis hard for such as tempted are
 To see o' th' Work of Grace in them, Heav'n's Care.
Interpreter led *Christian* farther on
 Unto a curious, stately Mansion;
 The Noble Prospect of so fine a Sight
 Did to the Pilgrim yield extream Delight;
 On Top whereof he Persons did behold
 Walking, and Cloathed all in shining Gold.
 Said *Christian*, May we to the Height ascend?
Interpreter the Pilgrim to befriend,
 Took him and led him to the Palace Gate,
 A Numerous Host of Men they found thereat,
 Who enter would durst they but try their Pow'r:
 There sat a Man some distance from the Door,

With

With Book and Ink-horn on a Table set,
 To take their Names who could an Entrance get ;
 'Gainst such there many Men i' th' Entrance stood,
 Resolv'd to hurt and hinder all to Blood.
 Of *Christian* some Amazement hold did take,
 To see so many Men for Fear give back ;
 At last a Man of Resolution came,
 And to the Clerk said, Sir, set down my Name ;
 Then drew his Sword, and clapt his Helmet on,
 And rush'd upon the Armed Men alone,
 Who on him laid with Merciless Intent,
 Yet he return'd with Int'rest what they lent ;
 Fearless and fiercely he about them laid,
 And thro' 'em all his way with Honour made,
 And nobly forwards into Court he prest ;
 By all within the Conqueror was carrest ;
 And those that were Above, well pleas'd theréat,
 The Hero loudly did Congratulate ;

All with a shout, cry'd, *Bravely done,*
Immortal Glory, thou hast won.

Then the Illustrious Conqueror in Fight,
 Was Cloathed with Immortal Robes of Light.
 Then *Christian* said, th' Intent heréof I know,
 Now let me hence immediately go.

Interp. Till somewhat more thou'lt seen I'd have thee
 And after that shalt thou go on thy way. (stay)
 So to a Room quite dark he with him went,
 Where, in an Iron Cage a Man was pent ;
 The Man to look on seem'd extremely sad,
 His Eyes cast down, his Hands he foldéd had,
 He sigh'd as if he'd break his very Heart :
 Then *Christian* said, What Sir does this impart ?

Inform

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Inform your self *Interpreter* rejoyn'd,
From his own Mouth, why he is thus confin'd.

Chr. In Misery and Iron what art thou ?

Man. Once was I not the Wretch that I am now.

Chr. What wert thou once ? *Man.* Oh once I had a Taste
Of th' Pow'rs o' th' World to come, that Once is past ;
Once was I in my own, and others Eyes,
Thought fair for the Celestial Sphere and Prize :
But Thoughts thereof Joys did my Heart revive,
When I had hope I thither should arrive.

Chr. What art thou now ? *Man.* A Pris'ner to Despair,
But up thereby in Unbelief for E'er,
In this Iron Cage, immur'd in Doubt,
Cannot, Oh I cannot now get out !

Chr. What brought you first to this unhappy Case ?

Man. I did to watch and to be sober cease,
Gave my Lusts the Reins, and did despite
To Truth and Grace, and sinn'd aga'nt the Light
Of th' Holy Word and Goodness too of God,
My Spirit griev'd, no more with me abode.
For Sin I tempted Satan me to tempt,
And hardned, cannot to repent attempt.

Chr. Is there no Hopes for such a Man as this ?

Interp. To save my Thoughts, ask him, he'll tell you his.

Chr. Have you no hope your Misery to repair,
And leave this Iron Cage and your Despair ?

Man. No, none at all. *Chr.* Why ? If you wish it try't,
His Mercies are in Jesus Infinite.

Man.

Man. No; I have put him to an open shame,
 Despis'd his Person, and renounc'd his Name,
 And to my self afresh have Crucify'd
 The Lord of Life, his Blood unsanctify'd
 Accounted have, and to the Spirit of Grace
 Have done Despite, this therefore is my Case:
 If th' Promises I can no Part obtain,
 Nothing but fearful Threatnings now remain
 Of dreadful Judgments, Fiery Indignation,
 A gnawing Worm and final Desperation,
 Rage, Fire unquench'd, Hell, Furies and Damnation.

Chr. For what have you your self to this reduc'd?

Man. For Worldly Profits, Pleasures, and by Lust;
 In them my self I promis'd much Delight,
 Of them each Thought does now like Serpents bite,
 Like never dying Worms gnaw me, and burn
 Like Fire of Hell. *Chr.* Canst not repent and turn?

Man. God has, it seems, to such deny'd Relief,
 His Word encourages no such Belief.
 Himself has shut me in this Iron Cage,
 Whom hence not all the World can disengage.
Eternity, Eternity, what Pow'r
Can an Eternity of Woes endure!

Interp. Let this Man's Mis'ry be in Mem'ry had,
 And be thy Everlasting Caution made.

Chr. 'Tis fearful! Th' Omnipresent God I pray
 Still keep me sober, meet to watch and pray,
 That this Man's Cause of Mis'ry I may shun.
 Sir, now is't time for me hence to be gone?

Interp. Tarry yet once, I'll shew thee somewhat more,
Then shalt thou go: So *Christian*, as before,
Was bid to follow him, as oft he'd done,
Who to a Chamber went where there was one
Just rising from his Bed, whom, by his Look,
You might to be affrighted see, he shook
And trembled much whilst he himself array'd.

Chr. Why does he shake, and look so much dismay'd?

Interp. I'd have you to the Pilgrim shew the Cause.

Man. This Night, as in my sleep I dreaming was,
The Heav'ns I saw grew soon exceeding black,
Thunders from *Pole to Pole* did loudly crack,
And fearful Lightnings flash'd arround the Sky,
Ready with Horror at the sight to die;
I saw the Clouds unusually disperse,
And hear'd a Trumpet call the Universe;
And saw a Man Enthron'd upon a Cloud,
To whom of Heav'n th' Attendant Thousands bow'd:
The Hosts of Heaven in Flames of Fire all came,
Also the Heav'ns were on a burning Flame;
The Trump of God then gave forth his Command,
Ye Dead arise, to Judgment come, and stand
Before the Dread Tribunal of the Lamb,
Who will with Righteous Sentence save or damn.
With that the Rocks were all to pieces rent,
Forth Death, Hell, Sea, and Graves their Prisoners sent:
Some were exceeding glad, and look'd on High,
But some did to the Mountains hide us cry.
Then he who did upon the Cloud appear,
Open'd a Book, and bid the World draw near;

† Rev. 20. 11, 12, 13, 14.

Ye

Yet did the Fierceness of an Issuing Flame,
Which Interposing, forth before him came
A just convenient Distance, then prepare
Betwixt the Judge and Prisoners at the Bar.
I to th' Attendants heard proclaim'd aloud,
Of him that sat Enthron'd upon the Cloud,
† Gather the Stubble, Chaff and Tares, and take
And cast them all into the Burning Lake.
At which, near where I stood, th' Insatiate Jaws
O' th' Pit without a Bottom open'd was,
Out of whose Mouth there an Abundance came
Of hideous Noises, Smoak, Coals, Fire and Flame.
Said Christ to those who did upon him wait,
|| Into my Garners gather all my Wheat.
Then many were caught up into the Air,
And with the Lord to dwell, to him repair;
Now I was left behind, and sought to hide,
But I by him upon the Cloud was ey'd;
Also my Sins came fresh into my Mind,
With whom my Conscience to accuse me joyn'd:
On this I wak'd. Chr. But Sir, what was it made
You of this Sight so very much afraid?

Man. Why Sir, I thought the Day of Judgment come
And that I was not fit to meet my Doom;
But this was it that most disturb'd my Mind,
Th' Angels took many, yet left me behind;
Hell open'd near me too, its horrid Jaws,
Also my Conscience my Accuser was:
Methought the Judge look'd on me very hard,
And Indignation in his Face appear'd.

† Mat. 13. 30. || Mat. 3. 12.

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Interp. Hast thou mark'd all, O Pilgrim, shewn thee here?

Chr Yes; and a n by 'em made to hope and fear.

Interp. Then keep them also in thy Mind, that they
Like Goats may pick thee forwards in thy way:
Then *Christian*, yet beneath his heavy Load,
Address'd himself to travel on his Road,
O'er whom the good *Interpreter* did pray,
And with this Benediction on his way
The Pilgrim sent: *The Comforter to thee
Thy Guide i' th' way to th' Holy City be.*
Tho' Loaded yet, grown now in Grace more strong,
He as he Travell'd sung the following Song.

Here rare and profitable Things I've known,
Pleasant and dreadful, Faith to strengthen shewn,
In what I have begun to take in hand:
May I them mind, them may I understand
Wherefore th'y shewn me were; and let me be
Thankful, O Good Interpreter, to thee.

And now I dream'd, when he his Song did end,
The Way was steep which he was to ascend;
On either side enclosed with a Wall,
Which they the Wall did of *Salvation* call,
Up which he did with Difficulty make,
By reason of the Burthen on his Back;
Yet with Laborious Hast still on he went,
Till he came to a certain steep Ascent,
Where stood a Cross; whence down the Hill below,
A Sepulchre its open Mouth did show:
Up with the Cross scarcely did *Christian* get,
But loose his Load did on his Shoulders let,

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The Pilgrim's Progress.

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 that this was it that most disturb'd my Mind,
 that Angels took many, yet left me behind;
 that open'd near me too, its horrid Jaws,
 so my Conscience my Accuser was:
 though his the Judge look'd on me very hard,
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† Mat. 13. 41. || Mat. 3. 12.

The Pilgrim's Progress.

Interp. Hast thou?

Chr. Yes; and

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ere stood a Cross; whence down the Hill below,
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with the Cross scarcely did *Christian* get,
loose his Load did on his Shoulders let,

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Then fell from off his Back, and tumbled till
 'Twas almost at th' Bottom of the Hill:
 Into the Sepulchre it tumbled on,
 Where from my sight it was for ever gone.
 Lightsome and glad thereby was *Christian* made,
 Who with a merry Heart rejoyc'd and said,
 He by his Sorrows here hath giv'n me Rest,
 And me by's Death with Life and Comfort blest.
 Then stood he still the Miracle to view,
 For it to him surprizing was and new,
 That when he did unto the Cross draw nigh,
 He of his Burthen should be eas'd thereby;
 Therefore he look'd, and look'd again, until
 His Head Springs down his Cheeks did Floods distill.
 Now as he stood distilling Tear on Tear,
 Behold; Three shining Ones to him appear.
 The First unto him said, Peace to thee be,
 Also thy Sins are all forgiven thee.
 The next did strip the Rags off he had worn,
 And him with Change of Raiment pure adorn.
 The Third a Mark upon his Forehead made,
 And to him gave a Sealed Roll, and said,
 Read as you run to the Celestial Gate,
 Where when you come, give in your Roll th' rest.
 This done, from *Christian* they a ain depart,
 Who gave three Leaps, and sung with Joy at Heart.

*Thus far did I come laden with my Sin,
 And Nought could ease the Grief that I was in
 Till I came hither; what a Place is this?
 Must here be the beginning of my Bliss?
 Must here be Burth: & fall from off my Back
 Must here the Springs that bound it to my neck
 Blest Cross, blest Sepulchre, blest rather be
 That that was on it put to shame for me.*

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See how the Pilgrim Righteous Robes adorn!
 All Things are past, all's new; a new-born W
 He's a new Creature made, and does, I swear,
 Do something more than Humans now appear.

The Pilgrim's Progress.

Now, in my Dream, I saw that on he went
 Till he into a Vale had made Descent,
 Who near the way, by th' Heels saw Three Men bound
Presumption, Simple, Sloth, in sleep being drown'd:
 When *Christian* saw them in this posture lie,
 He to them went, and did to wake them try.
 Y' are like them, cry'd he, who on Top Mountains sleep,
 For the Dead Sea, the Gulf, an Abyss deep
 Is under you, therefore I pray awake,
 And off your Irons I will help you take;
 What does roaring like a Lion stray,
 Surely come, and of you make his Prey.
 That they on him look'd, and thus reply'd.

Simple. By me there is no Danger here descri'd.

Sloth. My Flesh does yet a little sleep command.

Presump. On his own Bottom ev'ry Fat must stand.
 So down to sleep they altogether lay,
 And *Christian* did again go on his way:
 The Danger of the Men yet troubld him,
 And that no more they did his Aid esteem.
 As he was mov'd at what might them befall,
 He spy'd two Men come tumbling o'er the Wall,
Hypocrisy and Formalist; these Two
 He thus carrest, as near to him they drew.

Chr. Whence came ye Gentlemen, where is't ye

Hyp. and Form. Our Birth we to Vain Glory's Court
 And thence for Praise we to Mount Zion go. (C)

Chr. Why came ye not in at the Gate I pray,
 Which standeth i' th' beginning of the way?

The Pilgrim's Progress.

41

You know 'tis written, † *Who so cometh not
In by the Door, but into it has got,
Or by By-ways, or into it does climb,
As Thief or Robber God will sentence him.*

Hyp. and Form. Our Country-men in general, think too
About it is to seek an Entrance there; (far
To cut it short they this way therefore run,
And tumble o'er the Wall as we have done.

Chr. Mount Zion's Lord I fear will take it ill
You thus do violate his Revealed Will.

Hyp. and Form. Disturb not, Sir, your self for an Excuse,
We'll Custom for a Thousand Years produce.

Chr. Sirs, do you think that Plea stands good in Law?

Hyp. and Form. 'Gainst such a Custom, doubtless, there's no
For an Impartial Judge will it allow, (Claw;
And if we get in 'tis no matter how.
Thou who cam'st thro' the Gate now, art we see
No more, nor farther in the way than we
Who climb'd the Wall, and how can any tell
Wherein thy Case does our Estate excell?

Chr. I walk by Rule the which my God has given,
Y'are by rude workings of your Fancies driven;
You by him Thieves already counted are,
Therefore i' th' end will scarce True Men appear.
You in without his true Direction force,
Without his Mercy out you go of Course.

† John 10. 1.

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But

The Pilgrim's Progress.

With him they us'd but little Argument,
But bid him save himself, and on they went
Each Man his way, without conferring more,
Only at parting, told him o'er and o'er,
That as to Laws and Ordinances they
Would them as well as he keep and obey:
There is no difference 'twixt us but thy Coat
Which thou'st to hide thy shame of Neighbours got.

Chr. The Laws and Ordinances are in vain,
If thro' the Door you did not Entrance gain.
As for my Coat, at which your Dirt you fling,
'Twas given me by Zion's Lord and King;
That 'twas to hide my Nakedness I own,
For I before could nought but Rags have shown:
Surely think I, and Comfort take thereat,
When I shall come to the Celestial Gate,
The City's Lord for Good his own will know
On whom this Robe he freely did bestow;
Ev'n on the Day on which he did uncase
Me of my Rags, and set his Mark of Grace
(Which his Belov'd did on my Forehead make)
On me, of which you yet no Notice take;
I th' Day when off my Burthen fell 'twas done,
Seldom so great a Blessing comes alone:
Which to confirm, to me a Roll he gave,
That I by Reading it might Comfort have
As I go on tow'ards the Celestial Gate,
Where I was bid to give it in thereat,
With sure and certain hope that after it
They me into the City would admit.
These Testimonials as you want, I doubt,
Since right you came not in, they'll cast you out.
They nothing to these Things in Answer gave,
Only did on each other look and laugh.

They

They all went on, but *Christian* kept before,
Nor did they talk together any more.
With his own Heart *Christian* commun'd alone,
Sometimes with Comfort, sometimes with a Groan.
Oft in the Roll the shining Ones bestow'd
He read, refresh'd thereby upon the Road:
Then I beheld they forwards went, till all
Came to the Hill they *Difficulty* call,
At Foot whereof there was a wholesom Spring,
To Two By-ways them there their Road did bring;
One turn'd to th' left, the other to the right,
The Narrow Way's Ascent was up the Height
Of *Difficulty*: *Christian* to the Spring
First went and drank, and then began to sing.

The Hill, tho' high, I covet to ascend,
The *Difficulty* will not me offend,
For I perceive the Way of Life lies here;
Dear up my Heart, and neither faint nor fear;
Better with Pains to Rest the right way go
Than wrong with Ease to Everlasting Woe.

The other Two, when to the Hill they came,
And saw the Height and Danger, shun'd the same;
And seeing Two Ways besides, to save some Pain,
Supposing round the Hill they met again;
The one *Destruction*, t' other *Danger* chose,
In sev'rally each Man his own way goes.
Now, he that did the Way of *Danger* tread,
Into a great disconsolate Wood was led;
T' other did in *Destruction's* Way proceed,
Which did to dark and uncouth Mountains lead;
Being on them got, it was not long before
He stumbled, fell, and rose not any more.

Then after *Christian* did I look, to view
 What Courage he'd o'er Difficulty shew,
 Being eager soon the Mountain to surpass,
 He ran, next walk'd, then forc'd to clamber was ;
 The Hill was there so very steep and high.
 Now half way up he did an Arbor spy,
 Made by the Lord o' th' Hill, who there design'd
 The weary Travellers some Rest should find.
 There *Christian*, to refresh himself a while,
 Sate down, e'er he proceeded up the Hill ;
 Then from his Bosom out he pull'd his Roll,
 Therein to find some Comfort for his Soul ;
 There also he began again to a-new
 The Coat, or Garment, he had gain'd, to view,
 As he stood by the Cross, being so much pleas'd,
 He first by Slumber, then by sleep was seiz'd ;
 Till almost Night, he was thereby trappan'd,
 Sleep dropt the Roll out of his Prisoner's Hand :
 One came and wak'd him, Go to th' Ant (said he)
 Think, Sluggard, on her ways and wiser be.
 Up *Christian* starts, and on his ways he fled,
 Till he had rode upon the Mountains Head,
 Whole Height when he amounted had with pain,
 He saw Two Men run towards him amain ;
 Their Names *Mistrust* and *Tim'rous* were, to whom
 Said *Christian*, Why the wrong way do you come,
 And fly so fast? Said they, we did surpass
 The Difficulty of that yonder Place,
 But as we farther go more Dangers find,
 And therefore *Zion's City* have declin'd ;
 Yes Sir, for just before us *Mistrust* said,
 Down in our way there were two Lions laid,
 Awake or sleeping we are ignorant,
 Our very smell from sleep would disenchant

Them of their Rest, tho' us they should not hear;
 Then wou'd they soon our Limbs to pieces tear.
 Then *Christian* said, you make me fear to die,
 But to be safe, O whither shall I fly?
 If to my Countrey back I should retire,
 In Brimstone with it I must burn and Fire;
 If on with Courage and with Faith I go,
 All shall be we'l with me at last I know:
 Death is behind, the Fear of Death before,
 But then beyond is Life for ever more.
 Who would not forwards go? So on he went
Mistrust and *Timorous*, as at first intent,
 Ran down the Hill: *Christ* an yet full of Fear
 At what he from them did o' th' Lions hear,
 Felt in his Bosom for his Roll; alas,
 To his Discomfort, thence it missing was:
 And that being lost whence o' the Comfort drew,
 Again once more he knew not what to do.
 What oft reliev'd him, now was lost; his Pa's
 To the Celestial City missing was.
 Being thus perplex'd, he thought in the Repose
 He in the Arbor had, he might it lose.
 Down on his Knees Heav'n's Pardon to implore
 For his Neglect, he fell, then back d d scour
 To find his Roll; but all the way he went,
 He sigh'd, he wept, and did himself torment,
 That there where he should but himself refresh,
 He fell asleep, thro' weakness of the Flesh.
 On ev'ry side he look'd, as back he ran,
 Till he the Arbor saw; to th' wretched Man
 A Sight which did renew his Troubles all,
 And th' Evil of his Sleep to Mind recall.
 Thus, full of Grief he to the Arbor came;
 Sinful wretched Sleeper that I am,

With slothful Sleep to waste my Time away
 In th' midst of Difficulty and the Day,
 And ease my self therein, where Heav'n design'd
 Only such Ease as shou'd refresh the Mind!
 Thus *Is'raël* for their sin, went back again
 By the Red Sea, in th' Deserts to remain:
 So Comfortless, I needless tread that Twice
 Whence Once had done as well as going Thrice;
 Had I not slept, nor backward slept, but on
 As far at Once, as now at Thrice, I'd gone:
 The Day's far spent, the Night is now at hand,
 Alas, alas, he cou'd no longer stand;
 So late him down and wept; but as he ey'd
 The Place with Tears, his Roll he und'r him spy'd;
 He snatcht it up and was no more dismay'd,
 His Roll into his Bosom he convey'd.
 Who can the Joy this Man was in define?
 Such as when *† One* caus'd more than *Ninety Nine*.
 Had this been lost he was of Hopes bereaven,
 His Ticket 'twas for Entrance into Heaven.
 For Safety it he in his Bosom kept,
 Thank'd God, went on, and now for Joy he wept.
 Oh up Hill now how nimbly did he run!
 Yet he prevented not the Setting Sun.
 As Night came on, it forc'd him to recall
 His Sleep to Mind, which did his Joys appall,
 And make him thus condo'e. O sinful Rest,
 How hast thou me benighted and oppress!
 Without the Sun I walk, Darknells is spread
 Both o'er me and th' way which I must tread.
 I hear the Voice of all the Birds of Night,
 Now Beasts of Prey to range for Food delight.

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Porter
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Ah sinful Sleep! Now flash'd into his Head
 The Fears from which *Mistrust* and *Timorous* fled;
 The Lions, their Ideas him affright,
 More monstrous made by Fear and Gloomy Night;
 Now range they for their Prey, and if with me
 They meet, I can't how to escape 'em see:
 While thus he griev'd he lifted up his Eyes,
 Before him he a stately Palace spys,
 Nam'd *Beautiful*; this Noble Structure stood
 Near the High-way, its Lodge was o'er the Road:
 I dreamt that *Christian* forwards went amain,
 If possible, a Lodging there to gain;
 Who on did to a narrow Passage post,
 'Twas not a Furlong from the Lodge at most;
 Observing now with Caution, he espy'd
 Two Lions in the way, on either side;
 (*Mistrust* and *Timorous*, cry'd he, not in vain
 Affrighted were, and forced back again.)
 They both were chain'd, but not as he could see,
 Then thinking Death so near, he turn'd to † *flee*.
 Watchful the Porter at the Lodge, descry'd
 How at the Lions he was terrify'd,
 And to him cry'd, Man is thy Strength so small;
 They're Chained there to try the Faith of all,
 To find out such as have, or have not Faith,
 They none can hurt i' th' middle of the Path.
 With this Direction he adventur'd thro',
 They roar'd, but did no harm unto him do:
 Then he rejoyc'd, and ask'd the Porter where
 For a Night might have a Lodging there.

Porter. The Lord o' th' Hill it for that End design'd;
 That Pilgrims here Relief and Rest might find.

May I ask you where go you, whence you came?

Chr. I of the City of Destruction am,
And to Mount Zion go, but since 't's late,
Request too Night to Lodge within your Gate.

Port. I crave your Name. *Chr.* My Name is *Christian*.
I was *Graceless* first, from *Japhet's* Root I grow, (now,
Whom God periwades i' th' Tents of *Shem* to dwell.

Port. What to be late you thus has you befall?

Chr. Had I not in the Arbor slept, I'd came
Much sooner here, ah Wretch indeed I am!
Therein I lost my Evidence, and came
Quite up the Hill; then felt for the same,
And found it not; to find t' back I went
With Grief at Heart, but found it with Content.

Port. I'll call one of the Virgins of the Place,
She'll you receive finds she but in you Grace,
According to the Rules of Charity;
So rang the Bell, the Cause whereof to see
Discretion came, a Beauty young and grave,
She ask'd the Porter what he'd with her have?

Port. One in the City of Destruction bred,
Hither has thence towards Mount Zion fled;
But being weary and benighted, would,
Might he, Lodge here too Night; to him I told,
I'd for thee call, who kind wouldst to him be
According to the Rules of Charity.
She ask'd him now he got into the way?

Chr. Evangelist the Method did display.

Discre

The Pilgrim's Progress 49

Discr. What have you seen? He to her One by One,
 Recounted what he'd seen and undergone,
 And said, the rather here I'd Lodge, because
 By th' Lord o' th' Hill this Place Erected was
 For Rest for Pilgrims, and for their Supplies.
 She smil'd, and yet the Tears flow'd in her Eyes;
 After some Pause she said unto him, I
 Will call some others of the Family.
 She *Prudence* call'd, the others also heard,
 And *Piety* and *Charity* appear'd.
 After Discourse they to his wish accord,
 And said, *Come in thou Blessed of the Lord.*
 To him within the Rest repeat the same,
 Saying, *Blest art thou who comest in his Name.*
 The Lord o' th' Hill this Fabrick did erect
 On purpose such as thou art to protect.
 He bow'd his Head, and was Conducted in,
 Rejoycing he had so accepted been.
 With one Consent they him to sit request,
 And then resolve to entertain their Guest
 Till Supper's serv'd, with most Delight to him;
 And for the best Improvement of their Time,
 They *Prudence*, *Piety* and *Charity*
 Appoint, his Conversation th' while to be.

Piety. Since we did you so kindly in invite,
 And entertain you in our House too Night,
 Let us thereby more largely now engage
 You to inform us of your Pilgrimage.

Chr. I'm all Obedience to your kind Request,
 Who condescend so much to such a Guest.

Piety. What mov'd you thus on Pilgrimage to come?

Chr. By dreadful Sounds forc'd from my Native Home.

Such

The Pilgrim's Progress.

Such Sounds as these my Ears and Peace did rend,
Inevitable Ruin does attend.

*This Place wherein thou now dost make abode,
 Fire shall consume it out of Heav'n, from God.*

Piety. How chanc'd it that your Flight thence this way
 (was?)

Chr. Why doubtless, God's Appointment was the Cause;
 When at *Destruction* I was fill'd with Fear,
 And knew not to avoid it how nor where:
 As thus it was, There One unto me came,
 (*Evangelist* was the good Angel's Name)
 Who did direct me to the Wicket-Gate,
 Or I had ne'er an Entrance found thereat,
 Thro' which I only hither thence could flee.

Piety. Th' House of th' Interpreter did you not see?

Chr. Yes, and therein such Warnings did receive
 As I shall mind as long as I shall live:
 Three Things especially I shall retain.

First, how the Work of Grace Christ does maintain,
 And all the Faintings of our Hearts repair,
 In spite o' th' Prince o' th' Power of the Air.

Next his Despair, who sin'd his Hopes away
 Of God's great Mercy, who does Wrath delay.

Lastly, his Dream; who thought the Day of Doom
 And final Judgment on the World was come.

Piety. Why, did you hear him tell his Dream? *Chr.* In-
 So dreadful 'twas it made my Heart to bleed; (deed?)
 Yet glad I am it was to me reveal'd.

Piety. But was this all you in his House beheld?

Chr. He to a Heavenly Palace me convey'd,
 Where those within were in true Gold Array'd;

And

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And how a Man endu'd with Gift's Divine,
In whom did real Faith and Virtue joyn
With Christian Courage, nobly made his way
Thro' th' Arm'd Men, who did his Hopes ginslay,
And saw how they within what he had done
Lik'd, saying, *Immortal Glory thou hast won.*
Ravish'd therewith, I could with him an Age
Have liv'd, had I not had a farther Stage.

Pitt. What saw you since? *Chr.* I in my way did see
One, as I thought, hang bleeding on a Tree,
Whose very Sight did off my Burthen take.
(For then a grievous Load lay on my Back)
As I look'd up so fast a Thing to view,
Three shining Ones in white near to me drew.
One testifi'd my Sins were me forgiven;
This Robe for Rags was by the Second given;
The Third my Forehead seal'd with th' Mark of Heaven.
Gave me this Roll my Comfort to compleat,
(So pluck'd it out) to enter Zion's Gate.

Pitt. What saw you more? *Chr.* These are the Chief and
Yet since you please, I will recount the Rest.
Three Men, *Presumption, Sloth and Simple*, I
Saw fast asleep, their Heels I chain'd did spy;
They'd neither Sleep nor Chains forego at all.
I saw Two Men come tumbling o'er the Wall;
One was *Formality*, the other's Name
Hypocrisy, they o'er for Zion came,
As they pretended, but were quickly lost;
As I foretold them, when I heard them boast
The Hill and Lions caus'd me Fear and Pain;
I know not but I had gone back again,
Had not the Porter's Voice my Fears reliev'd;
But now (thank God) I'm here by you receiv'd.

Prud. Think you not o' th' Place from whence you came

Chr. Yes, But with Detestation and with shame,
Had I a Mind I to it might retire:
Not that, † *A Heavenly Country I desire.*

Prud. Do not its Carnal Objects reach your Mind?

Chr. Yes, but no Acceptation in it find:
The Things wherein my Country-men delight,
As I have done, now grieve my Thoughts and Sight;
Could I, I utterly would them exclude,
But when I'd chuse the Best, the worst intrude.

Prud. But find you not they sometimes vanquish'd are?

Chr. Yes; but those *Golden Hours* are very rare.

Prud. Perceive you not what makes 'em most ^{with} most ^{(draw}

Chr. Yes; when I think what at the Cross I saw,
Or view my Coat, or look upon my Roll,
Or when warm Thoughts of *Zion* melt my Soul.

Prud. Why to Mount *Zion* do you so aspire?

Chr. The Bleeding Jesus does my Wishes fire;
Whom in his Glory there I hope t' enjoy,
And leave the Things which now my Soul annoy:
Since there's no || *Death; the sting of Sin's but Joy*
Unutterable, all are Just and Pure,
And I love Christ, because my Sins he bore.
I of Sin's Inward Sickneſs weary am,
And long for Love's true never-dying Flame,

† *Heb. 11. 15, 16. || Isa. 25. 8. Rev. 21. 4.*

And with the Saints my Hallelujahs join,
And cry thrice Holy with the Choirs Divine.

Char. Lead you a single or a marry'd Life?

Chr. I have a Family, four Children and a Wife.

Char. Why did you not conduct them hither too?

Chr. With Tears I for them my Affection shew;
Dear as my Soul I their Salvation prize,
But * *Pilgrimage was odious in their Eyes.*

Char. But did you them your Fears of Ruin shew,
For I suppose 'twas clear enough to you?

Chr. Yes, constantly, yea they might see my Fears
Express'd in Groans, and visible in Tears
And Tremblings, thro' my apprehensive Dread
Of Judgments hanging there o'er ev'ry Head;
But all was insufficient to succeed,
With them a Pilgrim's Life with me to lead.

Chr. What Arguments could they against it use?

Chr. My Wife fear'd she thereby this World should lose
Its Poms and Vanities and Fleahly Lusts
My Children lov'd; so go alone I must.

Chr. But did not your vain Life damp all you said,
To th' Way of Godliness them to perswade.

Chr. Indeed, I can't my Life commend I own,
So much its Frailty is unto me known:
I also know, one's Conversation may
invalidate what we to others say,
To check their sins, and learn 'em Life's Right way:

Yet took I care all Actions to avoid,
Whereby they th'o' Offence might be annoy'd,
And their Desires of Life i' th' least destroy'd :
Yea, in this Point they said I was precise,
And did Things harmless in themselves misprize ;
'Twas if they Ought in me amiss did scann,
My tender Conscience both to God and Man.

Char. Cain did indeed his Brother hate, and why?

* *He did amiss, his Brother righteously.*

If thus to thee thy Wife and Children prove,
They shew to Goodness they have little Love,
And thou art guiltless of their wretched State.
Now, in my Dream I saw, while thus they sate,
Supper was ready, and to Table brought,
Fat Things, Wine well refin'd, true Bread they'd got;
And all their Talk was, while they sate at Meat,
O' th' Lord o' th' Hill, and of his Actions great.
By what I heard, all Heroes he exceeds,
Fearful in Praises, doing wondrous Deeds.

† *He him that had the Pow'r of Death subdu'd
By his own Death, but only for our Good:
By Strength or Conduct was he not o'erthrown;
He lost not Life, but laid it for Us down ;
'Twas as a Price for our Redemption given
Into the Omnipresent Hand of Heaven.*

Chr. For as they say, and I believe, our Good
Was purchas'd by his Death and precious Blood;
But what did most his Deeds with Glory Crown,
He for his Country fought, not for Renown.

Some of the Household to him thus reply'd,
W^e 'ave seen him oft since on the Cross he dy'd,

Gen. 4. 5. † Heb. 2. 14, 15.

And

† *Psal.*

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55

And with him spoke as talking to a friend,
And testifiy how he does confesse and
To talk of Pilgrims, and have heard him say,
His Love to them God only can display;
Where a Bel can to his Love be found
From East or West, or all the World around.

That then he more than Glo'y lo'd he shew'd,
Who staid himself thereof to do them good;
Tho' said, without the Poor and humble One,
He'd not in Zion's Mountaine dwell alone,
Nor † *Be'ggers from the Dunghill sprung* (they said)
He had of many Pilgrims Princes made.

Thus they discours'd, till late i' th' Night 'twas grown,
Then under Heaven's Protection lay them down,
Each in their own Apartment, to their Rest;
Their Love to th' Pilgrim was by's † *Room* exprest;
Who in a stately Chamber lodg'd alone,
Whose Windows open'd to the Rising Sun:
His Name was *Peace*; sweet Sleep close to him clung
Till Break of Day, then he awoke and sung.

*Where am I now! Is this thy Love and Care,
Jesus, for the Men that Pilgrims are,
To provide for those thou hast forgiven,
And treat us here with Antepass of Heaven.*

Th' Morn they rose, and their Discourse renew'd,
Not suff'ring to depart till him they'd shew'd
The Rarities the Palace did include:
And first they in the Study let him see
The Records kept from all Antiquity.

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And

† *Psal. 113. 7.* † *Christian's Bed-Chamber.*

The

The First to him their Lord's Descent displays,
 The only Son o' th' Antient of Days,
 Who by Eternal Generation, Lord
 Of all was own'd: Herein did they record
 More fully all the Acts that he had done,
 And Names of Hundreds before: *Christian* gone,
 VVho in such Habitations now had Place,
 Nor Time, nor Accidents could them deface.

The Nob'e Acts then of his Servants shew'd,
 Ashew they † *Mighty Kingdoms* had subdu'd,
 Wrought Righteousness, and Promises obtain'd,
 Stop'd Lion's Mouths, and force of Fire restrain'd;
 Escap'd the Sword, made out of Weakness strong,
 And put to flight the Aliens Armed Throng.

Then to him read the Orders of their Court,
 Christ's Love to such as to him do resort;
 How willingly he does their wants relieve,
 Ev'n those who in Times past him much did grieve,
 And both his Cause and Person did affront.
 There were more Hist'ries too of great Account:
Christian had of them all a transient View,
 Of Prophecies and good Things, old and new,
 And Things which shortly must accomplish'd be,
 To the Dread and Ruine of the Enemy.
 Their Enemies with Dread and Shame shall fall,
 But *Christian's* true; thereat be joyfal all.

They him thence to the Armoury convey,
 All Sorts of Armour to him they display,
 The which the Lord for Pilgrims did prepare,
 As Sword, Shield, Helmet, Breast-plate, and all Pra

† Heb. 11. 33, 34.

And Shoes that ne'er wear out: There was therein
 Both Arms enough and Armour to be seen
 To furnish out as many for his Wars
 As a e of Heav'n, for multitude, the Stras.
 They also shew him Instruments, whereby
 Some of his Servants had done wondrously:
 They shew'd him *Moses* Rod, th' Hammer and Nail
 Which was thro' *Sisera's* Temples struck by *Jael*:
 The Pitchers, Trumpets, Lamps, by which to flight
Gideon the Armies did of *Midian* fright:
 Also the Ox's Goad they to him shew,
 Six Hundred Men by't valiant *Shamgar* slew.
 They shew'd him *Sampson's* Jaw-bone of an Ass,
 VVherewith he brought such mighty Feats to pass:
 The Sling with which the Stone young *David* threw,
 VVhich *Gath's* stout Champion great *Goliath* slew:
 Also, the Sword with which the Lord will slay
 The Man of Sin, in his appointed Day.
 They many Things most excellent beside
 Shew'd him, and much was *Christian* gratify'd.
 To Rest again they went, when they had done,
 T th' Morn he rose, and forwards wou'd have gone;
 Whom till the Morrow they to stay request,
 Saying, if the Day was clear, his Sight should blest
 Be with th' Delectable Mountains, which they said,
 Much farther yet would to his Comfort add;
 Which nearer were to the Celestial Gate
 Than was the Place he was at present at.
 Him in the Morn they to the Turrets took,
 And to the South directed him to look:
 So at a great and mighty Distance, he
 Did a most pleasant Mountainous Country see,
 With Woods and Vineyards beautify'd, with Rills,
 All Flow'rs and Fruits, and Springs among the Hills

And

And Mountains, full of Pleasure and Delight,
 Both for their Sweetness and their distant Sight.
 The Country's Name he ask'd to understand,
 They told him it was call'd † *Immanuel's Land*;
 'Tis common as the Palace to you here,
 To Pilgrims all who to Mount Zion flee.
 When there you come, thence from the Mountains you
 May th' Gate o' the Celestial City view,
 The which, the Shepherds which inhabit there
 Will clearly to you kindly make appear.
 Now, he design'd his Leave of them to take,
 And they were willing; (only for his Sake)
 But took him first into the Armoury,
 That they therein might arm him Cap-a-pee
 With Armour Proof, lest as he went along,
 He might Assailants meet for him too strong.
 Being thus Accoutred, with his Friends to th' Gate,
 He goes, to know what Pilgrims pass'd of late.

Port. There past by One, I him his Name to tell
 Requested, *Faithful* 'twas. *Chr.* I know him well;
 He is my Townsman, and did near me dwell.
 How far before me think you he is past?

Port. He down the Hill e'er now is got at least.

Chr. The Lord, good Porter, with thee be I pray,
 Thy Love to me with greater Love repay.
 His Journey then begins: Him to attend
 With him together they the Hill descend.
 'Twas hard to ascend, said *Christian*; 'tis I see
 Hard to go down into Humility.

† *Isaiah* 33. 16, 17.

Prud. To th' Vale to go 'tis hard, as thou art now,
And not to slip, descending such a Brow:
Therefore, we'll to the Valley with thee go.
Yet by the way he caught a Slip or two.

I saw these good Companions, in my Dream,
When to the Bottom of the Hill they came,
To *Christian* gave what Bread and Wine he'd need,
And Bunch of Raisons, then they did proceed,
And mutual Valediction give and take;
And now the generous Virgins turned back.

Christian had but a little farther on

I th' Valley of *Humiliation* gone,

But there a cross the Field to meet him came

A monstrous Fiend, *Apollyon* foul by Name.

Christian thro' Fear, knew not what Course to take,
Whither to stand, or whither to go back.

He had no Armour on his Back he found;

Therefore, resolv'd he'd rather stand his Ground.

Than pierced thro' be with his Darts behind;

For if to save my Life I have a Mind,

It is my only way to face the Fiend.

Soon he went; *Apollyon* to his view

Was of a monstrous Shape and hideous Hue,

All arm'd with Scales like Fish, (his Pride they are)

His Wings like Dragon's Wings, Feet like a Bear;

Out of his Belly issu'd Fire and Smoak,

A Lion's Mouth, and like a Lion spoke.

When he to *Christian* came, fill'd with disdain,

He thus began the Pilgrim to arraign.

Apol. Where are you bound? And tell me whence you
(came?)

Chr. I of the City of Destruction am;
From that ill Place to Zion's City go.

Apol. Hereby I now know thou my Subject art,
I'm Prince and God thereof, and will not part
With any Subject thus. How! Runagate,
Rebel and Traytor to my Crown and State,
Durst thou to fly? Had I not hopes that thou
Wouldst do me Service yet, I'd crush thee now.

Chr. I was indeed in your Dominions born,
And almost out with your hard Service worn;
† *Death is the wages we for Sin receive*
You know. I by your Wages could not live;
And being to Years of more Discretion grown,
Look out for better Service than your own.

Apol. No Prince will lose his Subjects lightly, nor
Will I lose thee as yet, or give thee o'er;
But since of Work and Wages you complain,
I'll give the much and Ease go back again.

Chr. I've let my self to the Prince of Kings for hire,
And can by no means back with thee retire.

Apol. 'Tis with Professors now in Fashion grown,
To espouse his Cause a while to serve their own:
Come, with me go occasionally back,
Rather than a Preferment lose, or lack.

Chr. I've to him Faith and true Allegiance sworn,
And can't, unless a Traytor, from him turn.

Apol. Thou hast already prov'd to me the same;
Go back, yet willing to forgive I am.

† *Rom. 6. 23.*

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The Pilgrim's Progress.

61

Chr. Thro' Force, not Right, I did Obedience show,
I did not then thy Ulurpations know;
Know that the Lord our Master and our Friend,
Will both forgive the Crime, and me defend:
Besides, *Apollyon*, thou destroying Fiend,
I by my Change do much my Life amend;
And more his Service and his Wages love,
His Servants and their Company approve,
His Company and Country better too
Than thine: No more thy fruitless Suit pursue;
I am his Servant, and will him obey.

Apol. Whilst in cool Blood, consider what you say,
And what thou'rt like to meet with in the way.
Thou know'st his Servants come to grievous Ends,
And that he ne'er comes down among his Friends,
To help them in Distress, whereas 'tis known
To all the World how I assist my own,
By Pow'r or Fraud; and will do so for thee,
If thou again wilt subject to me be.

Chr. Saints suffer now t' approve their Faith and Love,
And here in God, thro' Christ, both live and move;
No seeming ill, most Glorious is their End,
They on their Temp'ral Safety don't depend,
But wait for Christ, with him to take their Place,
And judge o' th' Angels fall'n the Apostate Race.

Apol. Thou hast unfaithful to him been, and how
Dost think to merit of him Wages now?

Chr. Wherein have I unfaithful to him been?

Apol. In fainting when thou didst Life's Race begin,

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When

The Pilgrim's Progress.

When almost choak'd in *Despond*; when you tread
 In Paths forbidden to get off your Load;
 When thou thro' sinful Sleep didst lose thy Roll;
 When at the Lions Fear possess'd thy Soul.
 When thou dost of thy Journey vainly boast,
 Thou hast Vain Glory sought in all thou dost.

Chr. All this is true, but he in whom I live
 Is merciful, and readiest to forgive.
 I their Infection in thy Country caught,
 And groan'd beneath the Load therein I got,
 Which did o' th' need to fly my Soul convince,
 And have obtained Pardon of my Prince.

Apol. I here declare my self his mortal Foe,
 And hate his Laws, and all that to him go;
 And am come out on purpose to withstand
 Thy Progress here, with a relentless Hand.

Chr. I'm in the King's High-Way of Holiness,
 Beware how you its Priviledge transgress.
Apol. I straddled quite a thwart, and said,

Apol. I as to that am not at all afraid.
 By my *Infernal Den*, I will controul,
 I'll wear, thy Progress, and let out thy Soul.
 With that, a flaming Dart he at him sent,
 Th' Effect of which he did with Shield prevent.
 Then *Christian* drew, and did the Fiend assail;
 The Monster threw his Darts as thick as Hail:
 The Pilgrim could not all his Shalts avoid,
 But was i' th' Head, in Hand and Foot annoy'd;
 Which made him give a little Ground: The Fiend
 Press'd on; fresh Courage fir'd the Pilgrim's Mind.
 For half a Day, or more, they fought; at last
 The Pilgrim's Strength, thro' Wounds, began to walt.

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63

The Fiend then with him clos'd ; a dreadful Fall
 The Saint receiv'd, and lost his Sword withall.
 Have thee cry'd the Fiend : Now, desperate
 Was *Christian's* Case : But just (as God would ha't)
 While th' Fiend to give the fatal Blow contriv'd,
Christian regain'd his Sword : At which reviv'd,
 He cry'd, † *Rejoice not Fiend, to rise I fell.*
 Then gave him such a Thrust, it made him yell
 As at a mortal Wound : *Christian* pursu'd
 The Blow, and cry'd, || *O'er Falls and Enemies*
We more than Conquerors do, thro' Jesus, rise.
 With that his Dragons Wings *Apollyon* spread,
 And utterly away from *Christian* fled.

A more unequal Match can hardly be,
Christian fights a fain Angel ; but you see
 The valiant Man, by handling Sword and Shield,
 Does make him, tho' a Dragon, quit the Field.

None can, unless they'd seen the Combate, tell
 The Fiend's Infernal Roar and Hideous Yell,
 Who with the Venom of a Dragon spoke,
 Whilst Sighs and Groans from th' Heart of *Christian* broke
 incessantly, till he had given, he found,
 His Two-edg'd Sword, *Apollyon* such a Wound :
 When he could smile on Heaven and thus rejoyce,
 Talking to its Praise his grateful Voice,
 Who from Hell's Lion's Mouth has sav'd my Soul,
 In from *Apollyon*, him will I extoll.

Great, *Belzebub*, the Captain of this Fiend,
 Ruine sought, to gain his Devilish End :
 Sent him Harneest out, and he with Rage
 Eternal, fiercely did with me engage ;

† *Mich.* 7. 8. || *Rom.* 8. 8, 9.

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But

But by the Pow'r of God, thro' Jesus, I
 With Dint of Sword made the fair Angel fly :
 Therefore will I Thank'givings pay, and Laud
 Eternally the Everlasting God.

Some Leaves o' th' Tree of Life a Hand him brought,
 A Cure immediate they upon him wrought,
 Then sate to th' Bread and Wine the Virgin Band
 Bestow'd, and then went on with Swoordin' Hand,
 But did no foe quite thro' the Valley find ;
 Now to t' the Valley of Death's Shadow joyn'd,
 Which Christian needs must pass, 'cause thro' t' the Way
 To the Celestial Gate directly lay ;
 The Knowledge of it Jeremy has taught,
 † *An uncouth Land, of Desarts, Pits and Droughts*
Death's Shadow's Vale, thro' which none ever pass,
(But Christians) where no Man a Dwelling has.
 'Twas worse to Christian than Apollyon's Fight,
 As you will find. When he was gotten nigh't,
 Two Sons of such as brought an || Ill Report
 Of the good Land he met, whom in this Sort
 He did accost. Where go ye Back ? O Back !
 If Life or Peace you prize, our Method take.

Chr. What is the matter ? *Men.* Matter ! Why we
 So far it almost did our Flight prevent.

Chr. What met you with ? *Men.* * *Death's Shadow's Vale*
 We chanc'd to look but just before we leapt. (1)

Chr. What have you seen ? *Men.* The Valley, and in
 Hobgoblins, Satyrs, Dragons of the Pit,
 And People bound in Misery and Iron,
 Howling and Yelling seem it to environ;

† *Jer.* 2. 6. || *Numb.* 13. * *Psal.* 4. 19. *Psal.* 117.

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65

And dismal Clouds Confusion o'er it brings,
And Death o'er-spreads it with his sable Wings.
A dreadful Hellish Chaos 'tis, in fine.

Chr. Tho' 'tis not your way, yet I think it mine.
It to my wish for Haven leads. *Men.* Be't thine;
We'll no such Danger chuse: So part.

Still on

Went *Christian*, forwards as he First had gone.
The Right o' th' Vale was with a Ditch confid,
Into which still the Belind do lead the Blind.
On th' left a Quag, if into't good Men fall,
They find no Ground; much less the wicked shall.
Here *David* fell, and had been lost, no doubt,
If He that's able had not pluckt him out.

The Path being narrow, it did *Christian* tire,
Th' Dark to shun the Ditch, and then the Mire;
He groan'd for fear of Dangers from Above,
His Feet he knew not how nor where to move.

In the Midd Way I saw the Mouth of Hell,
Near the Way-side, Flames, horrid Smoak and Smell
Still issu'd thence, and Things to be abhorr'd:
Which did not, as *Apollyon*, fear his Sword.)
All *Pray'r* was now his only Weapon made;
O Lord I pray thee save my Soul, he said.
As he went on, the Flames would tow'ards him fly;
The Rushings heard and doleful Voices cry,
And thought he oft should torn in pieces be,
He trod like Mire o' th' Streets. This did he see
And hear for sev'ral Miles; at length he stopt,
For fear of many Fiends his Courage dropt.

† *Psal.* 116. 3.

Which

Which seem'd approaching, him i' th' Dark t' oppose,
 Uncertain to go back or on; he chose
 At length, come what there wou'd he'd forward move,
 For Back to be the longest Half might prove.
 Now, when the Fiends did very near him seem
 To be, as if they'd have insulted him,
 With a most resolute vehement Voice and Tone
 He cry'd, *I th' Strength o' the Lord God I'll on.*
 Now *Christian* was, thro' Darkness, Fear and Noise,
 Contounded; so he knew not his own Voice.
 Thus I perceiv'd it, and how he was caught
 When up with Mouth o' th' burning Pit he got,
 One of the wicked Ones whisp'ring behind,
 Suggested Blasphemies into his Mind
 So softly, unperceiv'd, that he indeed
 Believ'd they did from his own Mind proceed.
 To think he should blaspheme, disturb'd him more
 Than all the Mis'ries he had felt before;
 That he should him he lov'd so much blaspheme,
 But he being unexperie'd, did not dream
 Whence those accus'd Blasphemous Motions came.

As he went thus disconsolate on his way,
 He heard One thus before him, sigh and say.
 † *Thro' the Vale I of Death's Shadow steer,*
Since thou art with me, I'll no Evil fear.

At which he was, for sev'ral Causes, glad.

1. Cause near him one that trusted God he had,
 And one that did his Sufferings with him share.

2. And that they then were God's immediate Care,

† *Psal. 23. 4.*

tho' in that dark and dismal State; why not?
 If God be with him, with me too he thought;
 tho' thro' the Grossness of this dismal Place,
 I cannot clearly see his Care and Grace.

3. For that he hop'd he Company should gain,
 on he went, and to him call'd a-main:
 The other knew not what was to be done
 in Answer, for he thought himself alone.
 Now the Day broke, and Christian said, *|| No bars
 into the Morning turn'd the Shades of Death.*

Now he look'd back, to see i' th' Light o' th' Day;
 Thro' what strange Hazards he had steer'd his way;
 He saw the Ditch and Quag on either side,
 And th' Narrow Way, which him so much had try'd;
 Hobgoblins, Satyrs, Dragons, all afar,
 Of Day afraid, by him discern'd are.
*Deep things of Darkness God reveals to sight,
 And brings the Gloomy Shades of Death to Light.*

Christian was much affected with't, to be
 from such a Way and World of Dangers free:
 The Sun to crown his Comforts now appear'd;
 That was more dismal, this more to be fear'd:
 Quite full the Vale, thro' which he now must steer,
 Was of Traps, Gins, Pits, Nets, and every Snare,
 That had it now been dark, he could not one.
 Had he a Thousand Souls, have sav'd. The Sun
 Now just was up; therefore the Pilgrim said,
*His Candle shine he on my Head has made,
 And by his Light I led thro' Darkness am,
 At which to th' End he of the Valley came;*

† Job 9. 10. || Amos 5. 8. * Job 12. 22. ¶ Job 29. 35.

Where Human Bodies, Ashes, Bones and Blood
 Of former Pilgrims all about were strow'd ;
 At which admiring, I a Cave espy'd,
 Where th' Giants, *Pope* and *Pagan*, did reside,
 Of what I saw they the Occasion were ;
 But *Christian* past without much Danger here ;
 At which I much admiring, learnt the Cause,
 A long time since *Pagan* Expired was :
 Tho' t'other liv'd, he was so weak thro' Age,
 He could do little more than shew his Rage :
 Yet the old Tyrant's Sight made *Christian* start,
 The Blood-hound could not but betray his Heart,
 And cry, 'Till more are burnt you'll never mend:
 Yet no Misfortune did the Saint attend,
 Who thus in Praise express'd his Thankfulness.

O World of Wonders ! (I can say no less)
 That I should be preserv'd in that Distress
 That I have met with here ! O Bless'd be
 The Hand that from it hath deliver'd me
 From Dangers, Darkness, Devils, Hell and Death,
 Which compass me while in the Vale beneath ;
 Tea Snares, and Pits, and Traps, and Nets did lie
 About my Path, that wretched silly I
 Might have been caught, entangled, and cast down :
 But since I live let **J E S U S** wear the Crown.

As on he went, he near a Rising drew,
 Cast up, that Pilgrims might before them view ;
 Ascended thence, he Faithful in the Way
 Before him saw, and to him cry'd to stay.
 I dare not for my Life, Faithful rejoyn'd,
 Of Blood the dread Avenger is behind.

Christian

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Christian at his Denial took distast,
Srove and out-ran him, so the first was last.
Vain-gloriously did *Christian* smile, because
Hegotten now before his Brother was;
But heedless fell, and thro' the Bruise and Pain,
Till *Faithful* helpt him, could not rise again.
This † Fall a Friendship 'twixt 'em did engage,
And fix'd the Union of their Pilgrimage.

Chr. Dear *Faithful*, well o'erta'en, I'm glad Heav'n has
So harmoniz'd our Tempers and our Ways.

Faith. I thought t' 'ave born you Company from Home,
So have thus far alone been forc'd to come.

Chr. How long was it that you behind me staid?

Faith. 'Till of a longer Stay I was afraid;
For all the Talk was, alter you were flown,
That Fire from Heaven would burn our City down.

Chr. Ay! *Faith.* 'Twas a while a general Alarm.

Chr. But did you only seek to fly the harm?

Faith. For all their Talk they, hardly thought it true;
For oft, ev'n then, I heard 'em scoff at you:
Your Pilgrimage they, as desp'rate, did reprove;
Yet will its End be Fire, and from Above;
Therefore I made Escape. *Chr.* But did you hear
How *Pliable* did for returning fare?

Faith. I heard you both i' th' Slough of Despond fell,
Tho' he'd not own't, on him its Dirt did tell.

† The Falls of Christians are Blessings to 'em.

D 1

Chr

Chr. What did all say, tho' he the Truth deny'd?

Faith. All sorts of Folks did greatly him deride.
Some mock, some scorn'd, scarce one wil with him deal,
He's ten times worse than if he had fate still.

Chr. But why, since 'tis a Course they slander too?

Faith. Hang him say they, he's not to any true.
God seems to make his † Foes at him to his,
Because he has forsook the Way of Bliss.

Chr. Had you no Talk with him before you came?

Faith. I saw him once, but he sheer'd off for shame.

Chr. Once I had of him hopes; but fear he now
Will perish in our City's Overthrow.

He, || *like the Dog, to's Vomit does retire,*
Like the wash'd Sow, re-wallows in the Mire.

Faith. I fear so too; but who can Fate withstand?

Chr. Let's leave Things past, and mind the Things at
Pray tell me what y'ave met with in the Way; (hand
If nought, a mighty Wonder you display.

Faith. I 'scap'd the Slough, and safely reach'd the Gate
Only one ¶ *Wanton* fain wou'd with me treat.

Chr. Scarce *Joseph* could, 'twas well you 'scap'd her Net
After what manner did she you beset?

Faith. You could not think (but that you something
How fain she would have bent me to her Bow; know

† Jer. 28. 18, 19. || 2 Pet. 2. 22. ¶ Gen. 39. 11, 12, 13

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She proms'd me all manner of Content.

Chr. Not that of Conscience, good and Innocent?

Faith. You know i' th' Flesh, not in the Spirit I meant.

Chr. Thank God, y' obey'd not her Adult'rous Call
Whom he abhors; † *Into her Ditch shall fall.*

Faith. I know not where I quite escap'd her Guile.

Chr. You gratify'd her not? *Faith.* Not to defile
My Body with her: I remember'd well
'Twas of her said, || *Her steps take hold on Hell.*
So shut my Eyes her Tempting Looks to shun,
Then she went Railing off, and I came on.

Chr. What met you more? *Faith.* When to the Foot I
Of Difficulty, One of Age & Extream; (came
Me ask'd whence came? Where go ye? I told't him;
Thou dost, said he, an honest Fellow seem,
Wo't with me dwell for Wages I shall give?
I crav'd his Name, and where 'twas he did live,
What was his Work, what Gain I should receive.
His Name was ¶ *The first Adam, Town Deceit,*
Many Delights his Work, and I should by't
Be made his Heir at last; then said I, Sir,
What House d' y' keep? What Servants have you there?
All Dainties of the World my House affords,
I get my Servants as do other Lords:
I also got Three Daughters by my Wife,
* *The Lust o' th' Flesh, o' th' Eyes, and Pride of Life.*

† *Prov. 22. 24. || Prov. 5. 5. Job 31. 1. ¶ Eph. 4. 22.*
* *1 John 2. 26.*

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I'll, if you will, one of them to you give,
And keep you Both as long as I shall live.

Chr. But, the Event ? *Faith.* I thought to go, till I
Th's Writing in his Forehead did espy.

Put off the Old Man with his Deeds. *Chr.* Indeed !

Faith. Then I of farther Warning had no need.
I knew of me he thought to make a Slave ;
Be gone said I, I'll no such Master have.
He rail'd, and said, he'd one to plague me send :
Just as I turn'd, he strove my Flesh to rend ;
A Deadly Twitch he gave me back, I thought
He part of me away had with him caught ;
Which made me cry aloud, † *O wretched Man !*
Soon onwards up the Hill I from him ran.
Being half way up the Hill, I loo k'd behind,
And saw one chase me swifter than the Wind :
Just where the Arbor stands he to me came.

Chr. I lost, thro' Sleep, my Roll within the same.

Faith. Good Brother hear, 'twas but a Word and Blow ;
He knock'd me down ; the Sense thereof to know
When I reviv'd I ask'd, he did rejoyn,
You to *Old Adam* did too much incline :
Another Blow then cross my Breast he gave ;
When I reviv'd, said I, I Mercy crave.
You Mercy can't (said he) of me obtain ;
With that he laid me sprawling once again.
But One came by and bid him spare, or I
Had there Expir'd. *Chr.* Who 'twas did you descry ?

† *Rom.* 7. 24.

Faith.

Faith. When at the first by me he past I spy'd
Holes in his Hands, his Feet, and in his Side;
Then knew I 'twas our Lord, and so went on.

Chr. 'Twas † *Moses* beat you, for he spareth none,
Who can't forgive such as transgress his Law.

Faith. I know it very well, him oft I saw;
'Twas he at Home made me so much afraid,
Who said he'd burn my House if there I staid.

Chr. But saw you not the Palace on the Hill?

Faith. Yes, and the Lions, but asleep so still,
Being but Noon, went on, no Time to waste,
And by the Porter, down the Hill I past.

Chr. He told me you went by, I wish that you
Had stay'd and seen what they could do you shew,
You'd ne'er have them so got. Who did you see
Pray, i' th' Valley of Humility?

Faith. One Discontent, he'd have me Back, because
That in the Valley there no Honour was;
He told me too, to walk in such a Way
As all my Friends down-right to disobey,
As Arrogancy, Self-Conceit and Pride,
And Worldly Glory (who I know he cry'd)
Should be incens'd, should they but hear you made
Your self so much a Fool as thro't to wade.

Chr. What Answer made you? *Faith.* Why I own'd 'twas
According to the Flesh my Kin they were: (clear

† The Temper of Moses.

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Yet, as a Pilgrim, they did me disown,
I them ; so from us all Relation's flown :
Said I, you do the Valley wrong to me ;
For before Honour is Humility,
And Pride before a Fall. Said I to him,
The Way to Honour I this Vale esteem,
And that to Honour's Chief and Noblest Mount,
And such the Best and Wiseest it account ;
I this way rather would to Honour move,
Than gain what you think worthiest of your Love.

Chr. Met you with nothing else ? *Faith.* I met with *Shame*
But not as is the Man so is his Name ;
All others would to be reprov'd shun,
But bold *Fac'd Shame* I thought would ne'er have done.

Chr. What said he ? *Faith.* Why he call'd Religion low,
And said, Brave Men no tender Conscience show
To watch ones Words and Ways, and so thereby
To bar our own full Swinge of Liberty,
Would make ones Life thought singular, a Crime
By th' Jolly Bades and Genius of the Time ;
Few of the Rich, the Mighty or the Great,
Would mind it, or lose all for *none knows what.*
None but the Base, said he, or very Mean,
Thro' Ignorance, to your Opinions lean.
Much more he said, and that to whine and mourn
At Sermons was what Manly Souls would scorn.
That Penitence was shameful ; and to Right
Whom we had wrong'd was an ignoble Sight ;
It makes you fly the Great for Vices few,
And show the Base Respect, because like You.

Chr. What said you then ? *Faith.* I blush'd for very shame

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Who almost beat me off. At last I thought,
Men oft esteem what God accounts most nought.
 He speaks like Men, not God, nor from his Word,
 Not Men at Dooms-day judge Us, but the Lord:
 God, not the World or Men I am to mind,
 Religion is with Penitence enjoyn'd;
 Such Fools and Poor in Christ are Rich and Wise,
 In whom, O Shame, I wholly thee despise:
 Yet still the Villain boldly would suggest
 What Bar Religion was to Interest:
 Said I, I glory in what you disdain;
 So off he went, seeing all was but in vain.
 So thus I sung. *What do they meet withal,*
Who are obedient to the Heavenly Call?
What Tryals, and what Troubles in the Flesh,
Will springing from all Hands and Parts afresh?
What thro' their Numbers, or Continuance, we
May fail, thro' want of Faith or Constancy.
Let the Pilgrims, let the Pilgrims then
Be vigilant, and quit themselves like Men.

Chr. I much applaud your Triumph over Shame,
 Whose Impudence in Publick is Extream;
 Who strives to shame us out of doing Good,
 Fools be promoted by him only wou'd;
The Wise inherit Glory shall, 'tis said;
But for Promotion Fools with shame are glad.

Faith. Let's cry to Heav'n to make us Valiant still
 For Truth, and unasham'd to do its VVill.

Chr. 'Tis meet. Met you none else i' th' Valley? *Faith.* None.
 The Sun thro' both the Valleys on me shone.

† Luke 16. 15. || Prov: 3. 35.

Chr.

Chr. 'Twas well with so much Ease you thro' 'em got
 I with that Hellish Fiend *Apollyon* fought ;
 VVho almost kill'd me by a dreadful Fall,
 I lost my Sword, he crush'd me, and withal,
 He cry'd, *I'll of thee now make sure I swear ;*
 I pray'd, and God was my Deliverer.
 Half thro' the Valley of Death's Shadow I
 I th' Dark confus'd, fear'd every step to die,
 'Till by the Rising of the Sun reliev'd.

As on they went, they *Talkative* perceiv'd
 Some Distance off ; (now Spacious was the Road)
 He Tall and Comely, at a Distance show'd.

Faith. Are you going for Mount Zion Friend ? *Talk.* I am.

Faith. VVe with your Company, and seek the same.

Talk. I yours accept. *Faith.* Agreed ; and let us spend
 Our Time in Things which to our Profit tend.

Talk. Such Talk is best, and I rejoyce to find
 I've met with those that are so well inclin'd ;
 For few in such a Use of Time delight,
 For most love Shadows, and the Substance flight.

Faith. Too true ; for what's so worthy the Employ
 Of Humane Tongues, as God and Heav'nly Joy ?

Talk. Your Notion's just, your VVords convincing are
 I'll add, What Talk so Pleasant, Great and Rare ?
 VVhat pleasant Things do Scripture to us shew ?
 So sweetly Penn'd, Miraculous and True.

Faith. True ; but our Profit is their Chief Design,
 And should be ours. *Talk.* It should ; and it is mine,

Totalk of Things most profitable, which
The Mind with best of Knowledge does enrich.
Earth's Vanity, the Excellence of Heaven;
Knowledge has general and its private Leaven;
guides, correcteth and Exalts the Mind,
and learns it its Internal VVants to find,
That insufficient are our VVorks, our Need
Of the New Birth, and Christ to interceed
for us in Heaven, and to us does display
How to believe, repent, bear, watch and pray;
All Gospel-Promises and Comforts show,
Teach th' Ignorant, 'fend Truth, and Lies o'erthrow.

Faith. I'm glad to hear such Things as these from you.

Talk. The want of its the Cause, alas, so few
Of Faith and Grace know in their Souls the need,
so only on i' th' VVorks o' th' Law proceed;
by which Heav'ns Kingdom they'll by no means gain.

Faith. But you observe not, Sir, that to obtain
such Grace none have the Pow'r, God's Gift it is.

Talk. All is of Grace I own, we know all this;
You cannot think that is unknown to me.

Faith. VVell then, let's now on what to talk agree.

Talk. VVhy what you will; of Humane or Divine,
Gospel or Law, to what you most encline;
Essentials, Circumstantial, Things at Home
Or Forreign Things, past, present, or to come.
Faithful admir'd, to's Friend stept, saying, VVe have
Vertook a Pilgrim Excellent and Brave.
This Man said *Christian*, (with a modest Smile)
Would Twenty such as know him not beguile.

Faith.

Faith. D' y' know him? *Chr.* Better than himself he
He in our City dwells. *Faith.* His Name disclose. (knows)

Chr. 'Tis *Talkative*; our City's large I own,
Or you must needs have such a Person known.

Faith. VVhose Son is he? VVhere dwells he? *Chr.* He of
In *Prating-Row*, nam'd *Say-well*, is the Son; (One)
He's *Talkative*, of *Prating-Row*, his Tongue
Moves much in Truth, his Actions much in VVrong.

Faith. He seems a pretty Man. *Chr.* Your saying so
Makes me remember how some Paintings show
At Distance well, ill if you nearer come;
So, † He's a Saint Abroad, and Devil at Home.

Faith. You smile, so sure but jest! *Chr.* Altho' I smile,
I him abuse not, neither you beguile;
He any Talk or Conversation loves,
The more he drinks his Tongue the faster moves,
Religion none in Heart or House; but Voice
He has, of which therewith he makes a Noise.

Faith. I'm much deceiv'd by what I hear from you.

Chr. The Proverb says, *They say, but nought they do*;
|| *God's Kingdom is in Pow'r and not in Word.*
Of Pray'r, Repentance, Faith, New-Birth, Record
Only in VVord he bears, but knows no more,
He knows it not in Practice nor in Pow'r;
He is Religion's Stain, Reproach and Shame
To all that know his Life as well as Name.
His Family find it with Sorrow true,
They know not what to say or for him do,

† The Proverb. || Mt. 23.

So great a Railer, Churl, and so unjust,
 Worse than a *Turk*, none will his Dealings trust:
 In his own steps he does his Children rear,
 He Tender Conscience calls a foolish Fear,
 Which if in them he finds, he'll them abuse,
 To others to commend them will refuse;
 His ill Example has destroyed store,
 And will (if God prevents not) many more.

Faith. I you believe, who like a Christian make
 Reports of Men, and will not falsely speak.

Chr. If I had known no more of him than you,
 I, as you did, at first, might think him true,
 Or Information from ill Men had got,
 I should have of him it a Slander thought,
 As Good Men often are, who him disown,
 And blush to see, or be unto him known,

Faith. To say and do I see quite different are.

Chr. To say and not to do we may compare
 To th' Body, which without the Soul is dead,
 Religion's so when Heaven is disobey'd.
 Religion pure and undefiled is,
 Before Almighty God the Father, this,
 Widows and Orphans in Distress relieve,
 And from the World your selves unsupported live.
 Now, Talkative in doing this is slack,
 Hearing and Saying don't good Christians make;
 His Soul deceives, Hearing but sows the Seed,
 Practice alone us Christians makes indeed.
 Not Hearers only, Doers shall be blest.
 If they good Fruit brought forth, and did their best.

† *Jam.* 1. 27. See ver. 2, 3. 24, 25, 26 ¶ *Mat.* 14. 25.
 No:

Not that that's Faithless can accepted be,
But by't what Talkers are I let you see.

Faith. By this I know what *Moses* then did mean,
VWhen he describ'd the Beasts that were unclean,
VWhich do not both [†]part Hoof and chew the Cud.
Hares do not both, so *Jews* not think them good.
Which *Talkative* resembles, for he chews
Upon the Word, True Knowledge he pursues,
Parts not the Hoof, parts not from Sins too dear,
But has, like Puss, the Feet of Dog or Bear.

Chr. You of these Texts the Gospel Sense expound,
Great Talkers muchlike || *Sounding Brass* have Sound,
But Lifeless are, and other where *Saint Paul*
Does them again but *Tinkling Cymbals* call;
Lifeless and Faithless, without Gospel Grace,
Who in Heaven's Kingdom never shall have place,
Altho' their Tongues like those of Angels are.

Faith. I for him wish, now him even more can spare.

Chr. He'll be as sick as you but touch him home.

Faith. How? *Chr.* But to the Pow'r of True Religion
And plainly ask him, for he'll it approve, (come,
If in his Heart, House, Converse it he love.
Then *Faithful* to him stept, and thus begun

Faith. How have you since we left discourfing done.

Talk. I thank you, well, thought much e'er this t' have had

Faith. If yet y'are willing, I am of it glad :
You bid me state the Case, let this be it ; How
The Grace of God it self i'th' Heart does show.

† *Lev.* 11. *Deut.* 14. || *1 Cor.* 13. 1, 2, 3. chap.

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Talk. Then we'll o' th' Power of Things our Talk begin,
First, Grace i' th' Heart great Out-cries makes at Sin.

Faith. Rather to hate it does the Soul incline.

Talk. Betwixt 'em both the Difference pray define.

Faith. 'Tis great, For Men who do not Sin abhor,
Of Policy cry first against it Whore;
Many I've heard i' th' Pulpit sin defy,
Yet give themselves in House and Works the Lye:
What a Great Out-cry † Joseph's Mistress made,
Yet would with all her Heart with him have laid:
Some Sins (as Mother's Children naughty call)
And then as soon to hug and kiss them fall.

Talk. You're on the Catch. (*Faith.*) I'd only set things
Give now of Grace i' th' Heart a second Sight. (*Sight,*

Talk. Great Knowledge of the Gospel Mysteries!

Faith. Some know so much, they would a Saint surprize
And yet in them no Work of Grace is wrought,
They † naught may be, who have all Knowledge got:
Said Christ- Disciples, know ye all these Things?
Then blest is he that them to Action brings;
Not he that knows, but he that does proceed
To do the Will of God is blest indeed.
Therefore, your Sign's not true: To know may please,
Vain glorious Men, not God, the Heart he sees.
Knowledge is Good, but that's when it does move
The Soul to act by Faith in Works of Love.
¶ I'll keep thy Law, me Understanding give;
Yea, it, with my whole Heart observe and live.

† Gen. 39. 15. † 1 Cor. 13. ¶ Psalm 119. 34.

Talk.

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Talk. Yo're still on th' Catch, this does not edify.

Faith. Give one Sign more for its Discovery.

Talk. Not I, for I perceive we shan't agree.

Faith. If you will not, will you give leave to me?

Talk. Your Liberty to do it you may take.

Faith. Of 'ts self i'th' Heart Grace does Discovery make
To him that hath it, or to standers by:

First, he that hath it, may it thus descry,

Convincing him o's Sins and Unbelief,

As that he's damn'd, if he from God Relief

Finds not, thro' *Christ*: Great Sorrows and much Grief

This Sense works in him, with true shame for Sin,

And then he findeth *Christ*'s reveal'd within:

Hunger and Thirst for Life's in him display'd,

Unto which Life the Promises are made.

Now as this Strength and Faith in *Christ* is great,

Our Wish thro' Love to know him's more compleat;

Yet he from all but seldom can conclude,

He with true Work, of Grace within's endu'd;

His Reason's weak, his Mind misgives him so,

His State he can't with full Assurance know,

'Till *Jesus* in him to such strength does rise

As makes him know God's Faithfulness and wise;

Nor is the Work of Grace to him alone

Clear in himself, but 'tis to others known,

By's Faith's Confession from Experience made,

Life's holiness in Heart and House displaid;

By Conversation Holiness i'th' World,

Sin's out of Heart, Home and his Converse hurl'd,

Himself reform'd, he does with Heaven engage,

Vice to suppress, and help reform the Age;

Nor

Nor does he this to gain a Reputation
As Hypocrites and Talkers on Occasion;
But won by the Pow'r o' th' Word which does him move,
To do't obedient made thro' Faith and Love.
Now, Sir, if you 'Gainst what I've said have ought
T' object, object against it, but if not
The Second Question let me now propose.

Talk. No, Now let's hear, what you will next disclose.

Faith. 'Tis this, have you experienc'd what I've said?
And by your Life and Converse is't display'd
In Word and Tongue and not in Truth and Deed?
If your Religion's Plac'd, do not proceed
To say but what you know both God Above
And your own Conscience also will approve;
For from Confusion 'scape he never can,
Who is condemn'd by's Conscience, God and Man.

Now *Talkative* first blush'd, and then reply'd,
Y' appeal to God, to have that justify'd
I speak, to answer, I am no ways bound,
Nor such a Catechiser thought t' have found,
I'm not dispos'd you for my Judge to take,
But why to me d'y' such odd Questions make?

Faith. To know where you only meer Notions speak,
And of Religion did a Vizard make;
For so I've heard, that you a Spot to't are,
The worse Religion for your sake does fare;
Your ill example many has annoy'd,
And more are likely by't to be destroy'd.
The Tavern, Whoredom, Swearing, Cheating, Lying,
With ill Companions still your Time employing.
Just as all Whores to VVomen are a shame,
You are a Scandal to the Christian Name.

Talk.

Talk. Since ill Reports so quickly take with you,
yo're for Discourse unfit, and so adieu.

Chr. Your VVords I see, have in him rais'd a Storm;
He'll sooner shun you, than his Life reform;
He's gone, to let him, 'tis his Loss alone;
Had he not from us, we'd have from him gone:
Besides, the Apostle says, *from such withdraw.*

Faith. Yet do I not repent that him I saw;
My Words may gain him, but if not, howe'er,
By speaking plainly I of's Blood am clear.

Chr. You dealt uprightly by him, there are few,
Will now a-Days such Faithful Dealings shew,
Religion's made to stink by such a One,
VVho talks, but no religious Acts has done;
Their Conversation being debauch'd and vain,
Such Puzzle th' VVorld and are to th' Church a Stain;
If all would by 'em deal as you have done,
They'd or reform, or good Mens Converse shun.

VVhich they Considering,
Did that which follows sing.

How Talkative lifts up at first his Plumes!
How loftily he speaks! How he presumes
To drive down all before him! But as soon
As Faithful talks of Heart-work, like the Moon
That's past the full, into the Wane he goes,
And so will all but him that Heart-work knows.

Thus on they went, talking of what they'd seen,
And made the Way which would have tedious been,
Easy to them: Who else had found Distress
Since now they journey'd thro' a Wilderness.

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Now when almost the Wilderness they'd past,
Faithful espy'd one after them to hast.

Said *Faithful*, Brother, who comes yonder view,
Evangelist, his Friend, soon *Christian* knew,
Faithful for his good Friend soon knew him too:
Who when he to them came thus to them said,

Evangelist. Peace be to you, and such as do you aid.

Chr. Welcome my Friend, by sight of thee's renew'd
What thou hast done for my Eternal Good.

Faithful. Welcome ten thousand times; to such as we
How acceptable is a Friend like thee?

Evangelist. How far'd you Friends, since when we parted.
What have you done? What Dangers have you past? (last
Christian and *Faithful* to him did declare
Thro' what great Hardships they arriv'd so far.

Evangelist. Not in your Toils, but Conquests, I rejoyce,
And that your Faith does Weakness Counterpoise:
I'm glad you've reap'd so well what I have sown,
The Time draws nigh which both our Joys will Crown;
You'll in due Time Reap if you fix'd remain,
And Life's Incorruptible Crown obtain.
To run that you the Glorious Prize may gain.
Some have set out, and far to win it gone,
But lost; hold yours so fast it mayn't be won:
Let no man take your Crown, you're yet within
Hell's Shot, and han't to Blood resisted Sin:
Th' Kingdom think, and hope for Things unseen;
Let nought on this side Heav'n within you Reign.
If your Hearts Lust to th' uttermost beware,
They all Deceit and desperate wicked are.

E

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Like Adamant set firm your Face and Heart,
All Pow'r in Heaven and Earth is on your Part.

Chr. Thanks for your Exhortation ; pray proceed
And give us all the Counsel we shall need ;
For well we know you to us can declare
The Things to come, and how we them shall bear.
With Christian Faithful to him joyn'd his Pray'r.

Evang. Truth's Gospel's Words, my Sons, your both have
Thro' Tribulations you're to Heaven preferr'd ; (heard,
Bonds and Afflictions you in every Place
Attend, you know such is the Christian Race :
Already you this Truth experienc'd have,
And more will soon as you this Desert leave ;
For just before you, in the Town, you see,
There hard beset you'll with your Enemies be ;
Your Testimony, there be so withstood
That one, or both must Seal it with your Blood.
To Death be Faithful, and he shall arrive
To th' Crown of Life, Erst he that does survive.
Martyrs, because the feel the quickest Pain,
The shortest Way to Realms Celestial gain.
Such many Miseries others meet with shun.
When you i' th' Town find what I've said begun,
Think on your Friend, your selves like Men acquit,
Your Souls to God, your Faithful King, commit.
I dreamt out of the Wildernets, at last,
Into the Town of *Vanity* they past ;
So call'd from its perpetual Mart and Ware,
Which lighter is than *Vanity* ; for there
All's *Vanity* that cometh to be S^dld,
All's Vanity that comes, said th' Wife of Old.

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You can't this Fair an upstart Bus'ness call,
So known's its Ancient Original :
Almost Five Thousand Years ago there were
Some Pilgrims going to the Celestial Sphere ;
Apollyon, *Belzebub* and *Legion*, soon
Perceiv'd the Way to Heaven lay thro' the Town
Of *Vanity* ; so they contriv'd a Fair,
For Vanities to last for ever there :
All Sorts of Vanities, all the Year long,
Were Sold, and all the World to buy them Throng,
As Houses, Lands, Preferments, Trades and Places,
Yea Kingdoms, Countrys, Titles, every Case is ;
All Sorts for Lust and Pleasure, Whores and Wives,
Bawds, Husbands, Children, Masters, Servants Lives,
Blood, Bodys, Souls, Silver, Gold, Pearls and Gems ;
All Sorts there are of Cheats, Plays, Beaux and Games,
Juglings and Knaves, and Rogues of every kind,
And all th' Effects of every Bloody Mind ;
Here you in Murders, Oaths, Thefts, and Adult'ries find.

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See what Afflictions in the FAIR
The Pilgrim do abide!
Think what Christ suffer'd for us there,
Ere he on Calvary dy'd.

As Rowes and Streets in lesser Fairs there are,
With divers Names and several Sorts of Ware,
Countrys and Kingdoms here, in proper Rowes,
Each their respective Merchandize expose:
Th' *Italian*, *German*, *Spanish*, *Polish*, *French*,
But *Romish* Ware does on them all intrench;
Yet *England*, and some others, scorn their Power,
And will not Traffick with the *Roman* Whore.

To *Zion* Christians (as I did you show)
Out of the World, or thro' the Town must go.
To th' Prince of Princes, thro' it Travelling Home,
Did *Bolzebub*, the Fair's chief Patron, come,
And offer'd, if he to him would fall down,
To make him Lord o' th' Fair, and of the Town;
And one so great t' entice, he shewed him
All th' Worlds vast Kingdoms in a Moments Time;
But he disdain'd such worthless Merchandize,
And left the Town and all its Vanities;
Therefore, the Fair's both Ancient and Great,
(As needs they must) the Pilgrims jostle get;
But scarce are enter'd, e'er the Town and Fair
At, and about them, in a Hubbub are;
And that for several Reasons. First, Because
Their Cloaths from other Men's so different was;
Therefore the People greatly on them gaze,
Each Fool that they are Fools and Madmen says.
Now next, their Speech does them to wonder make,
For naturally they *Canaan's* Language spake,
Till those o' th' Fair Speech spic'd with Smut esteem
To they to other each Barbarian seem.
But Lastly, This most strange to th' Crowd appears,
The Pilgrims scorn'd ev'n to regard their Wares.

If ask'd to buy, they stop their Ears and cry,
 † *Turn thou mine Eyes from sights of Vanity.*
 And looking up, shew'd that they dealt on High :
 One mocking, to them said, VVhat will ye buy ?
 VVe buy the Truth they gravely answer'd ; hence
 They to despise them took the more pretence.
 Now some reproach, and others do them smite,
 Th' Order o' th' Fair's at last confounded by't :
 For which, tho' guiltless, the Fair's Chief does make
 H's Officers the Pilgrims up to take ;
 They examine them, who willingly confess
 Their Country, Cause, and Reason of their Dress ;
 That they were Strangers to the VVorld and them,
 And Travelling to th' New Jerusalem ;
 VVho no Occasion to the Town had given
 Thus to obstruct their Pilgrimage to Heaven.
 At this their Judges also thought them mad,
 Or else Designs to spoil the Fair they had ;
 Therefore they beat, and them i' th' Cage confin'd,
 To Publick Rage of each Malicious Mind.
 Their Patience and Returning Love, for VVrong
 VVas much observ'd by some amidst the Throng,
 VVho check the baser Sort for Beast like Rage,
 VVho soon us'd them like those within the Cage :
 Yet they cry'd out, There's some who use the Fair,
 VVho worse deserve than these poor Men to fare.
 After High Words, at length they fall to Blows,
 And each to th' other Party Mischief does.
 Of this the Saints esteemed guilty are,
 Are beat, and led in Irons thro' the Fair,
 To terrify such as their Course approve ;
 Yet all their Acts the Pilgrims nothing move :

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Who to their Faith did several Converts win,
Made Profelites by the Grace they'd in them seen :
This blew their Enemies into a Fire,
So that o' th' Pilgrims they the Death conspire.
Irons nor Cage shan't serve your Turn they cry,
You shall for your deluding others die :
So to the Cage they them re-mand again,
Where fastned in the Stocks their Feet remain
They here *Evangelist* recall'd to mind,
And more resolve to bear what Heaven destin'd,
And mutual Comfort take to think that he
Who's Lot to die shall soonest happy be ;
Each secretly does wish 'twill be his Fate,
And both with Patience bear their Suffring State ;
Content on him that all Things rules they wait.
But now th' appointed Time is come that they
Must Trial take that be condemn'd they may :
Now they're Arraign'd, and the Lord Judge his Name
Is *Hate Good* ; their Inditements are the same
In Substance both, and their Contents were these,

- " That they were Foes to Trade and Worldly Peace,
- " They had Commotions and Divisions sown,
- " And to their Dangerous Notions, in the Town,
- " They had a Party won, and did not own
- " Their Prince and Laws, but Scorn of both had shown.

Faith. We only that resist which does defy
Him that is Infinitely the most High ;
We none disturb, for we are Men of Peace,
And won on none but by our Truth and Grace :
Such from the Worse are to the Better turn'd ;
As for your King, him whom you say I've scorn'd,
Evn *Belzebub*, our Lord's curst Enemy,
Him and his Fien's, Apostates, I defy.

E 4

Then

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Then 'twas Proclaim'd, *Let those that can appear
For th' King, against the Pris'ners at the Bar.*

Then *Pick-thank, Envy, Superstition* came :
Thus *Envy* first against him did declaim.

Envy. Before this Honourable Bench I'll swear.

Judge. Hold, Swear him first, and when he's sworn,
(we'll hear.

The Form perform'd, he thus gave's Evidence.
This Man, my Lord, for all his Fair Pretence,
Scorns us, our Prince, our Customs and our Laws,
And Souis to his disloyal Notions draws,
Call'd Principles of Faith and Holiness ;
My Self once heard him thus himself express,
That Christian Laws to the Customs of our Town
Were opposite, as Midnight to the Noon ;
Not to be reconcil'd : By which my Lord,
He shew's, both we and them should be abhor'd.

Judge. More canst thou say? *Envy.* I could my Lord,
(much more,

But shall against him keep the rest in Store.
Those Gentlemen of Honour and of Sense,
Desirous are to give their Evidence ;
The Court may hear them, but if theirs should fail,
(If need there be) mine shall at last prevail.
Next *Superstition's* call'd, and bid to shew
What for their Lord the King, he'd 'gainst him do.
Sworn with Invectives, thus his Speech began.

Super. I've no such great Acquaintance with the Man ;
He very tactlous, as I can display,
For in the Town I heard him lately say,

Thou

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That our Religion's Enmity to God.

There's much Sedition in such Notions sow'd,
He might as well bare-fac'd his Thoughts explain,
'Tis laying We're damn'd, and in our Sins remain
And that our Worship is entirely vain.

Next *Pick-thank's* sworn, who thus his Silence broke ;
I heard him speak what none ought to have spoke :

I've known him long ; on *Be-lezebub* our Chief
He rails, and treats his Friends each as a Thief.

He the Lord *Old-man* with his Deeds rejects,

The Lord *Carnal Delight* he disrespects :

He'd have the Lord *Luxurious* pay his Debts ;

He th' Lord *Desire of Vain Glory* treats :

He'd have my Old Lord *Letchery* now grow chaste,

Sir *Having Greedy* be content at last :

And all our Peers which won't his Will obey,

He says will surely perish in their Way.

Nor has he spared you, his Judge, my Lord ;

Ungodly Villian for you's his best Word :

Scarce one he spard o' th' Gentry of our Town.

When *Pick-thank* had his utmost Malice shown ;

The Judge thus spoke to th' Pris'ner at the Bar ;

Thou *Traitor, Runagate, Heretick* hear,

Thou know'st what Witness these against thee bear.

Now Faithful play the Man, speak for thy God,

Fear not the Wicked's Malice, nor their Rod ;

Speak boldly Man, the Truth is on thy Side,

Die for it, and to Life in Triumph ride.

Faith. May I speak somewhat in my own Defence ?

Judge. Sirrah, without it thou deserv'st to die,

Let mayst thou speak, to shew our Lenity.

Faith

Faith. To answer *Envy's* Accusation first;
I said, that Rule; Custom, or Law's accurst
Which flatly does the Word of God oppose;
This I recant, but Falshood in't disclose.

To answer *Superstition's* Charge; I said,
Divine Faith must to Worship God be had;
VWhich none, unless Heaven does reveal it gain.
Hence in our VVorship if we Things intrude,
Earthly and Lifeless Forms, they do no good.
To answer *Pick-thank*, all I shall declare
Is, that Prince *Beelzebub* your Master here,
(And all the Scum of Earth and Hell he nam'd)
Deserve its Fire, and are already damn'd;
And so the Lord have Mercy on my Soul.

Then did the *Judge* the *Fary* thus cajole.
You see the Man whose VVords the Up'roar made,
You've heard what these, our VVorthies of him said
You his Confession hear, and his Reply,
Now by your Verdict he must live or die:
Yet, *Gentlemen*, I'll tell you what is Law,
VWhence to condemn him you may Reasons draw.
(In *Pharaoh's* Time, Servant to our Great Prince)
An Act was made, which will you much convince.
All it' Males as born should into th' Flouds be thrown
Of such as he, e're they too strong were grown.
An Act of Great *Nebuchadnezzar's*
This Runagate he knew la'd on us Sirs:
Such as to his God *Mammon* fall not down,
Into a fiery Furnace shall be thrwn.
An Act which much should be regarded by us,
Was also made i'th Days of King *Darius*:

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That such as call on other Gods. or Men
 But him, should be cast into th' Lions Den.
 These Laws this Rebel breaks in Word and Deed,
 As well as Thought, therefore should dye with Speed.
 Now *Pharaoh's* Law was Mischief to prevent,
 Th' Bud e'er known; but this is evident.
 The Next and Last, condemn his *Heresy*;
 He own'd his Treason too, therefore must die.
 Then out the *Jury* went, the Bill to find;
Blind-man and *Malice*, *Heady* and *High-mind*,
Love-lust, *Live-loose*, *No-Good*, and *Cruelty*,
Implacable, *Hate-Light*, *Lyar*, and *Enmity*.
 Said *Blind-man*, that he errs, I clearly see;
 Said *Malice*, he's a great Eye sore to me.
 He liv'd so long, cry'd *Heady* 'gainst my Will;
High-mind cry'd out, His Soul and Notions spill:
Love-lust and *Live-loose* cry'd, we're not secure
 Whilst he's alive, we can't his Life endure:
 Said *No-Good*, He's not fit to live on Earth;
 Said *Cruelty*, lets burn him for our Mirth:
 And not for th' World beto him reconcil'd,
Implacable cry'd out; then *Hate-light* smil'd:
 Said *Lyar*, he's I know a very Rogue;
 Said *Enmity*, I hate the Canring Dog.
 Each one against him their Resentments breath,
 And bring their Verdict in, He merits Death.
 For in the least, delay his Punishment,
 For him the worst of Deaths they do invent:
 They buffet, stone him, launch his Flesh with Knives,
 With Stones and Swords; as Martyrs lose their Lives,
 Thus *Falshtul* falls, does many Deaths partake;
 At last he's burnt to Ashes at a Stake.
 Chariot now and Pair of Horses stood,
 Waiting for *Falshtul* just behind the Crowd.

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As soon as dead, his Soul was in it driven
Up thro' the Clouds, the nearest Way to Heaven.

*Brave Faithful ! Bravely done in Word and Deed ;
Judge, Witnesses and Jury have, in stead
Of conquering thee, but shewn their Hellish Rage ;
When they are lost, thou'lt live from Age to Age.*

*Christian a while to Prison they remand,
But he who had their Wills at his Command,
So wrought, that for that Time he 'scap'd their Wrong
When freed, for Joy he sung the following Song*

*Well Faithful, thou hast Faithfully profess'd
Unto thy Lord, of whom thou shalt be blest :
When Faithless ones for all their Vain delight,
Feel endless Torments of Eternal Night,
Sing Faithful Sing, let thy great Name survive ;
Tho' kill'd, thou'rt yet eternally alive.*

*I dreamt that Christian went not forth alone ;
One Hopeful was by their Example won.
Thus while in Flames, like th' Phenix, Faithful dies,
Another does out of his Ashes rise.
This Hopeful too to Christian does relate,
Many o' th' Fair will chuse a Pilgrim's State.
The Fair scarce left, they By-ends overtake ;
Whence Sir, they said ? What Journey do you make ?
From Fair-speech Town he told them that he came,
For Zion went, but told them not his Name.*

Chr. From Fair-speech Sir ! Is any Goodness there ?

By-ends. Yes Sir, I hope. Chr. Your Name please to declare.

*By-ends You are to me, I am to you unknown ;
If pleas'd, I'll of your Company make one.*

Chr. Your Town's a very wealthy Place I hear :

By-ends Yes, and I've many rich Relations there.

Chr.

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Chr. Pray who Sir? *By-ends*. a'most all the Town
(throughout;

The Lords *Fair-speech*, *Time-server*, *Turn-about*.

The Town its Name from the Lords *Fair-speech* drew,

Smooth-bair, and Mr. *Fac-ing-both-ways* too;

And *Any-thing to Two-Tongues* I'm ally'd,

My Mother's Bro her he by Father's Side :

He's Parson of our Parish, Sir, and I

Am now accounted of Good Quality.

Yet lookt my Father this Way, rowing that,

By which I got most of my own Estate.

Chr. But are you marry'd Sir? *By-ends*. Yes, and my
From Virtuous Parent, leads a Virtuous Life, (Wife

My Lady *Faining's* Daughter, nobly born,

So bred, to Prince or Peasant she'll adorn ;

Her Birth with Carriage none can hate or scorn.

Gainst Wind and Tyde indeed, we serve no Cause,

But love Religion when it gains Applause.

Chr. Sure Brother *Hopeful*, this must *By-ends* be ;
There's scarce on Earth so great a Knave as he.

Hope. Ask him, for surely he will own his Name.

Chr. Your Language Sir's above the common Frame.

I've of you heard, if I guess not amiss,

Of *Fair-speech* Town, your Name, Sir, *By-ends* is.

By-ends 'Tis a Nick-name by such as hate me giv'n,
Which I to bear, Obedience learn of Heav'n.

Chr. To have the Name did you Occasion give ?

By-ends. None, but my prosperous State did others
because my Luck and Judgment hit the Times, (grieve,
so I'm reproach'd for Fortune, not for Crimes.

Chr.

Chr. I thought 'twas you, and tell you, much I fear
You properly the Name you would not bear.

By-ends. Suspend your Thoughts, till you my deeds can
(blame.

Chr. If you'll go with us, you against the Stream
And VVinds must strive, in Rags Religion own,
And by it stand, when such in Lions groan.

By-ends Bind not my Faith, but let me with you go.

Chr. No, not a step, unless you'll like us do.

By-ends Ne'er yet I from my Principles have gone,
Rather than so I'll walk again alone,
'Til such I find as will Companions be,
Yet leave each other to their Liberty.

I dreamt the Pilgrims quickly him forsook,
But soon Three other's *By-ends* overtook;
VVho complaisant unto each other prove.
Their Names were *Hold the World* and *Money-Love*,
And Master *Save-all*, Men to *By-ends* known,
Scholars of *Gripeman*, all in *Love-gain Town*;
The County Town of *Coveting*, i'th' North,
Masters o' th' Craft of Gain, he set them forth:
They'd learnt their Trades, and wanted but a Stock,
True Chips o' th' old confounded curled Block.
After their Ceremonies did expire,
Thus *Money-love* o' th' Pilgrims did enquire.
Pray who are those before us yet in View?

By-ends Strangers, who strangely *Pilgrimage* pursue.

Money Love Why staid they not since we are going too?

By-ends Those rigid Men at all Adventures run,
And such as wholly jump not with them shun.

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Mr. *Save-all* That's bad, but some will over Righteous Others condemn, alone themselves esteem. (seem,
How, and in what pray did you disagree?

By-ends, They'll run all Hazards, to 'em I reply'd
I am for waiting both for Wind and Tyde.
For God they'll hazard all at single Stake.
But of Estate and Life more Care I take.
They'll hold their Notions, tho' condemn'd by all;
I love Religion which Men noble call.

(will Chuse

Mr. *Hold the World*. Ay, hold you there, for none but Fools
VWhen they can keep their own, their All to lose.
Like Bees in *Winter*, still lets keep our Treasure,
They only Profit seek when mixt with Pleasure.
VWinds, Storms, and Rain I always shive to shun,
Not God's good Blessings, th' warm and shining Sun.
If God give good Things, keep them for his Sake;
Religion *Job* and *Abraham* rich did make.
Job says, *Good Men shall lay up Gold as Dust*;
Then not be like the Men before they must.

Mr. *Save-all*. There needs no more, we all to this agree.

Money-love. Scripture and Reason laid aside, meer Sense
Gives this sufficient Force and Evidence.

Mr. *By-ends*. Since of us now on Pilgrimage each goes,
One Question let me to you all propose.
Suppose a man, a Minister, or one
Who has but little to depend upon,
Should a fat Benefice have in his View,
Or vast Advantage which he can't pursue,
Unless he zealous for some Points should grow,
'Gainst which before he'd many scruples show;
Mayn't he be thought honest, tho' he in the Pursuance
Of a World of Advantage make grains of Allowance.

Money-love

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Money-Love. The Bottom of your Question I perceive,
To which I'll answer, with your general Leave,
Suppose a Minister possessed is
But of a very moderate Benefice,
Yet one can get more Fat and Plump by far,
If studious, and more zealous he appear;
And if requir'd, some Principles should change,
To please the People, this I think not strange;
A Man may do it, if he has a Call;
In more than this I see no hurt at all:
Sure Providence its Blessing he may take,
Making no Question for his Conscience sake;
In hopes of which he does more Zealous seem,
Improves his Parts, which each way betters him:
If he some Doctrines some to win omit,
He bears his Cross, so is to preach more fit.
Now, such a one should not be Worldly thought,
Since by't he Power to do much good has got:
But now for Tradersmen; such a one suppose
Of poor Employ, if he Religious grows,
He a Rich Wife, or better Trade may gain,
At which I think not any should complain.
'Tis Virtue Pious any way to grow,
Rich Wives, great Trades, all to be good allow;
Who gets them by Religion, we may say,
Gets his Good Things a good and easy way.
Thus answer'd *Money-Love*, with much Applause,
By Arguments drawn from the Good Old Cause,
Thinking no Mortals could their Strength withstand;
Christian and *Hopeful*, now they out of hand,
Resolve t' attack, hastning to do't the more
Thence to regain what *By-Ends* lost before.
But *Hold the World* the Pilgrims must aggress
Lest former Heats should hinder their Success;

to Hold the World the Question did propound.

Chr. Babes will in Christ Ten Thousand such confound.
If we mayn't follow Christ for † Loaves, we must
Not make Religion Pander to our Lust ;
Nor do we find any seek thus for Riches
But Heathens, Devils, Hypocrites and Witches.
Amor and Schem thus contriv'd, and sought
Sinah and Jacob's Cattle to have got.
If we are Circumcised did they say,
Their Substance and their Cattle are our Prey:
Thus Pharisees pray'd long (when to devour
They Widow's Houses sought) were damn'd the more.
Judas the Devil does your Thoughts extol,
Who held the Bag and cast away his Soul:
Simon the Wizard would have lik'd your Plot,
The Holy Ghost he for his Money sought
To gain thereby; then Peter cry'd, With thee
Thy Money perish. Thus curs'd Simony
Who for the World Religion does embrace,
Would act like Judas, if in Judas Place.
In fine, such as your Question like or love,
Thus like Judas to be Devilish prove.
At this they all on one another star'd,
Confounded by what Christian had declar'd ;
The rest with By-Ends each their Pace declin'd,
That so the Pilgrims might 'em leave behind.

Chr. If they at Humane Judgment thus retire,
Such more from God and a devouring Fire.
Christian and Hop-ful swiftly them out-go,
And the small Plain call'd Ease, pass'd quickly thro'

† John 6. || Gen. 34 20, &c.

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To *Lucre's Hill* they come; a Silver Mine
In it did many to transgress incline;
Who going near, were by deceitful Ground,
Let down and kill'd, or got some desp'rate Wound.
Here *Demas* flood and cry'd to all, Lo here!
Come see the Silver Mine; seek Treasure there.

Chr. Nothing should us invlte out of our Way.

Demas. Here Richly for your selves provide you may
With little Pains. *Hope.* Let us go see. *Chr.* Not I,
Such Hopes of Gain have many caus'd to die.

To *Demas* 'Tis dangerous, and let's our Pilgrimage.

Demas To none but such as do too far engage.

Chr. Stir not a step, let's still keep on our way.

Hope. By-Ends you'll see will go without delay.

Chr. He'll then but his own Principles obey:

Demas. Will you not come and see the Silver Mine?

Chr. *Demas*, thou Enemy of Ways Divine,
One made by Chr ist a Judge for thy Design,
Has thee condemn'd: Wouldst have our Lot like thine?
God knows, and shames such as break his Command,
With Boldness we before him hope to stand.

Demas. I am a Brother, if you will but stay,
I'll with you walk i' th' Right and Holy way.

Chr. *Demas* I call'd thee; Is it not thy Name?

Demas. Thou hast; and I a Son of Abraham am.

Chr. *Gehaz* and *Judas* are thy Ancestors,
Thou in their Footsteps and their Treasoners;

Assu

Assure thy self, we will the King acquaint
With thy Deceit, thou Foe of ev'ry Saint.
To By-Ends and his Friends Demas applys,
Who soon accord, hoping a mighty Prize.
Whether they went, or where they into'r fell,
Were kill'd or smother'd in't, I ne'er could tell;
But in the way they ne'er were seen again:
Then Christian of them sung the following Strain.

By-Ends and Silver Demas both agree,
One calls, th' other to him runs, that he
May share his Lucre and no farther go:
Thus Earthly Minds take up with Things Below.

As on they went, a Monument they view,
The Form thereof did very Antique shew;
To be a more than Humane Work it seem'd,
They were concern'd when they't a Woman deem'd:
Hopeful at last spy'd Writing on her Head,
Hopeful unlearn'd, by Christian it was read:
Who thus th' Inscription to his Friend explain'd,
Let's Wife remember is therein contain'd.
The Pillar of Salt it was they both agree,
Which she was made when she would Sodom see.
Then they discours'd on the Amazing Sight.

Chr. We see by this how Demas did invite
Us to a Prospect, to have perish'd by't,
To which you much inclin'd. Hope. I sorry am,
And wonder I partook not of her Shame.
She look'd but back, and I desir'd to see,
Praised be God who has not punish'd me.

Chr. Let us by her take heed of ev'ry Snare,
God wo'n't always, tho' he in Sodom spare.

Hope. Let us beware, least we are made a Sign,
As † Korah, Abiram, Dathan, were for Sin.
I am amaz'd at Demas Confidence,
Who dare so oft repeat Lot's Wife's Offence;
Yea, seek for what she did but look; and there
Where Demas stands I'm sure they've Sight of Her.

Chr. It shews to a desp'rate Height their Sins are grown,
But Thieves i' th' Judge's Presence have been known.
¶ Exceeding Sinners Men of Sodom were,
Because their Sins did fore the Lord appear;
Evn th' he blest their Land with Plenteous Store,
For 'twas as ¶ Eden's Garden heretofore.
The which so much provok'd th' Almighty's Ire,
It them consum'd with Brimstone and with Fire:
Vvho sin in God's, and good Examples Sight,
On such shall the severest Judgments light.

Hope. Our Thanks enough to Heaven cannot be paid,
That you and I are n't such Examples made.

As on they went, they to a River came,
The River of God King David call'd the same;
St. John, The Water of Life's River: The Way
Of Life upon the Banks o' th' River lay.
They of the Water drank with great Delight,
Vvwhose weary Spirits were refreshed by't;
On Trees o' th' Banks all Fruit were ever seen,
Their Leaves cure th' Nations, and are ever Green:
Then in a Meadow Crown'd with lasting Spring.
They slept, eat Fruits, and th'n rejoyce and sing.
Behold ye how Life's Chrissal Streams do glide,
To comfort Christians by the High-way side;
The Meadows green, beside their fragrant Smell,
Such Dainties yield no Tongue their worth can tell.

new you what Fruit and Leaves the Trees do yield,
 you'd soon sell all and buy the Glorious Field.

As on they went, the Way and River part,
 the Loss of which was to them Grief at Heart ;
 their Feet were tender, and the Way grew rough,
 which made 'em there find Pain and Grief enough ;
 therefore they wish'd to find a smoother Way ;
 now on the Left o' th' Road a Meadow lay.
 'Tis as I could wish said *Christian*, here
 our Path does even with the High way bear.

Hope. How if the Path should lead us quite astray?

Chr. No no, by th' Road wholly the Path does lay.
Hopeful perswaded with him, pass'd the Stile ;
 was right and easy as they thought, a while :
 they one *Vain-Confidence* before them spy.

Chr. Where goes this Path ? To *Zion* he did reply.

To *Hopeful*. I told you so. Now Night and dark it grew,
 that they could not him before them view.

Vain-Confidence could neither see his Way,
 nor a deep Pit which just before him lay ;
 was made to catch *Vain-glorious* Fools withall ;
 so't he fell, to pieces dash'd by's Fall.

Christian and *Hopeful* heard, and call to know
 the Cause, but only heard him groan below :

then *Hopeful* said, O Friend, where are we now ?

Christian stood mute, fearing they'd gone astray.

Lighten'd, Thunder'd, and began to rain,

the Waters also now arose again.

As *Hopeful* groan'd, O that I'd kept the Way !

Chr. Who could have thought this Path had led astray?

Hope

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Hope. I fear'd at first, but did on you depend.

Chr. I own I've err'd, let it not thee offend.

Hope. Cheer up, it shan't, I this for Good believe.

Chr. Try to go back, you're kind thus to forgive.

Hope. I'll go before. *Chr.* First let me Danger meet.

Hope. No, you are troubled, therefore are unfit.
To encourage them they heard a Voice to say,
† *By th' Way ye came go back to the High-way.*
It to go back the Waters dangerous make;
I saw 'twas hard amending a Mistake.
They back adventur'd, but so dark it grew,
The Flood's so high, they knew not what to do.
They oft near Drowning were; with all their Skill,
That Night they could not find again the Stile:
So finding Shelter, wait for Break o' th' Day,
But fell asleep: Now, as they sleeping lay,
Giant Despair (who own'd the Grounds) them found,
Being early up, asleeping in his Ground.
With grim and surly Voice he bad them wake,
And said, How durst you here such Freedom take?
The Pilgrims told him they had lost their way.

Giant. Y'ave Trespass on my Grounds, and are my Pre
Being stronger, them he to his Castle drove,
Their Prison does a stinking Dungeon prove.
From *Wednesday* there till *Saturday* they laid,
Without Drink, Light, or any Bit of Bread.
Both grieve, but none could *Christian's* Grief express,
Whose Counsel 'twas brought them to this Distress.

† *Jer. 31. 1.*



The Pilgrims now to gratify the Flesh,
 All seek its Ease, but O how they afresh
 At Troubles, if no Death it sell, pursue,
 To seek to please the Flesh, themselves undo!

The

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The Giant's Wife was named *Diffidence*.

Giant. I've Two Imprison'd, catch'd in the Offence;
They're in the Dungeon; what shall I do more?

Wife. If Pilgrims, I advise you beat them sore.
So in the Morning early he arose,
And with a Cudgel to the Dungeon goes,
Rates them like Dogs, altho' they silent prove,
Then beat them so they had not Strength to move;
Then leaves them to condole their Miseries,
Who spent their Time in bitter Groans and Cries:
Next Night his Wife hearing they were dismay'd,
Bids him them to destroy themselves perswade.
So in the Morn he view'd their wretched Plight,
And said, since you no more shall see the Light,
Your only way is now to end your Life
With Dagger, Halter, Poyson, or a Knife:
Who (said he) L'fe with Bitterness would chuse?
They beg'd to go, then did he them abuse
With horrid Words, and Looks which Death portend
And doubtless of them then had made an End,
But that he found his Fits upon him grew,
(His Fits i' th' Day Time came) so he withdrew.
Now they consulted where they should obey.

Chr. To live is a long Death, to die, the way
To shorten Pain; † *My Soul does strangling chuse*
Rather than Life. Shall we his Method use?

Hope. Death is more welcome far than thus t' abide,
But Heav'n has Murder of our selves deny'd:
No Ease in Death, forget not; Friend, Hell's Pain,
No Murderer shall Eternal Life obtain.

† *Job 7. 15.*

Fro

Of Giant Despair, many I understand,
 Tho' taken by him, have escap'd the Hand;
 Who knows but God may cause the Giant to die,
 Or thro' his Fits give, us a Time to fly.
 Be patient Brother, let's endure a while,
 For Heaven may yet upon us cast a Smile;
 But let not our own Blood our Souls defile. }
 Thus *Hopeful* then did moderate *Christian's* Pain;
 So they i' th' Dark that dismal Day remain.
 Tow' rds Night the Giant to the Dungeon went,
 To see if they had been obedient;
 Thro' many Wounds, and want of Drink and Food,
 Tho' not quite dead he found them ev'n as good;
 Enrag'd he cry'd since you Life can bear,
 You shall fare worse than you by Death can fare.
 At which they into desp'rate Agonies fell,
 But *Christian* swoon'd, yet did his Swoon repel;
 And then again together they confer,
 Where to obey the Giant best they were.

Hope. Remember, you *Apollyon* could resist,
 And in Death's Shadow's Vale bore all for Christ;
 Could You those Dangers with such Courage bear?
 And yet so much one Death and Dungeon fear.
 I who by Nature weaker am, have Peace,
 My Wounds and Want as fast as thine encrease.
 I th' Fair of *Vanity* you fear'd no Cage,
 Chain, Scourge, nor Death, amidst their Bloody Rage;
 Now like a Christian, patient as you can
 Bear all for Heav'n, with Courage act the Man.

Wife. Have yet these Pris'ners your Advice obey'd?

Giant. Than do't they rather bear all Hardship had?

The Pilgrim's Progress.

Wife. Shew 'em the Bones of such as you have slain,
 And tell 'em quickly they shall end in Pain.
 The Giant goes, and does his Wife obey,
 And said, You also here your Bones shall lay.
 Then beat, and left them in a dismal Case;
 Their Patience does the Giant much amaze.

Wife. I fear they live in hopes from hence to fly,
 Or have got Pick-Lock Keys: Go search and try.

Giant. I' th' Morn I will. The Pilgrims now to pray
 Began, and cry to Heaven 'till Break of Day.
 At which being Sunday Morn, good *Christian* cry'd,
 In great Amaze, my Key I have not try'd;
 'Tis Promise Call'd, I was senseless as Stock.
 'Twill ope in *Doubting Castle* any Lock.
 Good News indeed, cry'd *Hopeful*, pray now try,
 And let us e'er the Giant riles fly.
 Then *Christian* try'd, the Doors flew ope with Ease,
 So to the last the Iron Gate they pass;
 Damnable hard it went, yet did unlock.
 But screek'd so much the Giant it awoke:
 With Hast he rose his Pris'ners to pursue,
 But into's Fits his Fright the Giant threw.
 The Pilgrims from him fled for Life amain,
 And safely did the Way of Life regain.
 Now, when they had again re-pas'd the Stile,
 They sit them down and do contrive a while;
 And an Inscription near the Stile prepare,
 All to fore-warn the Meadow was a Snare
 Contriv'd by *Doubting Castle's* Giant, *Despair*.

Over this Stile to *Doubting Castle* leads,
 And he is lost who in the Meadow treads;

The Pilgrim's Progress.

III

to a Giant belongs whose Name's Despair,
Who hates the King of the Celestial Sphere,
And seeks all Holy Pilgrims to ensnare.

All following Pilgrims this Inscription read,
And so the Danger, thro' their Warning, fled.

The Pilgrims now with Gratitude abound,
And with the following Song made Heaven resound.

When we left the right Way
Soon with Sorrow we found
That we dearly should pay
For the Ease of the Ground.
Now, let such as come here
For the Future, take heed
Lest they, like us, pay dear,
And should make their Hearts bleed,
By their seeking of Ease;
For they Prisoners are
If this Meadow they trace
Of the Giant Despair.

They delectable Mountains now ascend,
To Gardens, Orchards, Vineyards, Springs, they bend
Their Course, there freely eat, and wash i' th' Springs;
On th' Mountain's Tops each Zion Shepherd sings,
Feeding their Flocks near Heaven's steep Galaxy,
To whom arriv'd, themselves they thus apply.
(Leaning on Staves, as weary Pilgrims do)
Whose delectable Mountains these are shew,
And whose the Sheep upon 'em fed by you.

Shep. These are Immanuel's Mountains, and his Sheep;
Which in his sight, and City's sight, we keep;

The Pilgrim's Progress.

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Shep. These are Immanuel's Mountains, and his Sheep;
Which in his sight, and City's sight, we keep:

His Life he for 'em gave. *Chr.* Is this the way ?

Shep. Directly to its Gates. *Chr.* How far I pray ?

Shep. Besides th' Elect, to reach too far for all.

Chr. Is't safe? *Shep.* For Saints; Transgressors in it fall.

Chr. Shall we Relief, when † *faint* and *weary*, gain?

Shep. We mayn't forget || *Strangers to entertain.*

Now, now, they range on delectable Hills,
 Doctrine like Dew *Immanuel* here distills;
 Comforts and Cautions they from Shepherds hear,
 T' establish them in Faith and Filial Fear.
 Now in my Dream I did perceive, that when
 They were the Shepherds found Way-faring Men,
 They kindly ask'd each Traveller his Name,
 Whence, how, and thro' what Tryals there they came.
 Their Answers were so full of Truth and Grace,
 The Shepherds pleas'd, cry'd Welcome: Few their Face
 Shew on these Heights of Joy, in this Life's Race.
 The Shepherds of the Mountains named were
Experience, Knowledge, Watchful, and Sincere.
 Who to refresh them, to their Tents convey
 The Pilgrims, and a while entreat their Stay,
 Both for their Good and Solace; they consent
 (Being late) on all sides; to their Rest they went.
 Soon as the Sun had Triumph'd o'er the Night,
 To walk upon the Mountains they invite
 The Pilgrims forth, to whom the Shepherds True
 Wonders resolve on every side to shew.

† *Hosea* 14. 9. || *Heb.* 23. 1, 2.

* *First Error's Mount.* Sleep on the further side,
They at the Foot o' th' Precipice descry'd
Men that had fall'n, were all to pieces dash'd.
What meaneth this the Pilgrim ask'd, abash'd?
You've heard, the Shepherds said, some made to err
By † *Hymeneus* and *Philetus* were,
I' th' Faith o' the Body's Resurrection, New,

Shep. These are the Bodies of them which you view:
Which for Example, unentomb'd remain,
That others from their Errors may abstain.
Mount || *Caution* next they bid them to survey,
They see (tho' far) Blind Men 'mongst Tombs to stray.

Pilgr. What meaneth this? *Shep.* You may a Stile perceive
As on the left the Way of Life they leave:

Pilgr. VVe do. *Shep.* A Path to *Doubling Castle* thence
Directly leads, *Despair* the Giant's Fence.

The Men you see, like you, for *Zion* came
I' th' Right VWay to that Stile, but left the same,
Cause there Life's VWay was rough, the Meadow plain;
Where by *Despair* the Giant they were ta'en,
And into *Doubling Castle's* Dungeon cast;
Their Eyes the Giant did put out at last,
And left them 'mongst the Tombs, their Days to waft.

¶ *Such as have Ways of Understanding fled,*
Go to the Congregation of the Dead.

VVith Tears the Pilgrims on each other star'd,
But not how th' Nail was hit o' th' Head declar'd.
On a Hill side, thence to a Door they go,
The VWay of Hypocrites to Hell they show;

* *First Mount Error.* † *Tim.* 2. 17, 18. || *Mount*
Caution. ¶ *Prov.* 21. 26.

Such

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Such as their Birth-right, *Esau* like, despis'd,
 Such as like *Judas*, sell their Master Christ;
 As *Alexander*-like, speak Blasphemy,
 As *Annanias* and *Saphira* lye.

Hete. These all, like us, of Pilgrimage made shew.

Shep. Both Time and VVay, they long kept in it too!

Pilgr. VVe've need for Strength unto the Strong to cry

Shep. And need to use the Grace of the most High.
 Themselves now and the Shepherds both agreed,
 The Pilgrims for Mount *Zion* should proceed.
 Their Company the Shepherds forwards bear
 Unto a † Mountain's Top; its Name was *Clear*.
 Thro' their Prospective Glass they had them look,
 VVhose Hands so much at their late Prospects shook,
 They could behold but faintly, thro' the Glass,
 Something o' th' Gate and Glory of the Place.
 Then took their leaves, and as they went along,
 VVith Joy, together sang the Following Song.

*Thus by the Shepherds Secrets are reveal'd,
 Which from all other Men remain conceal'd;
 Come to the Shepherds then, who Things most rare,
 Mysterious, Deep and Useful, will declare.*

One Shepherd of the VVay gave them a Note,
 Th' next bid them be not by th' Flatterer caught;
 The Third, not sleep upon Enchanted Ground;
 The Fourth, God speed: And here my Dream unwound
 I aint again, and saw the Pilgrims go
 From † Mountains, tow'rs the City, now below.

† Mount *Clear*.

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On th' Left comes from *conceit* a Crooked Road,
Whence came one *Ign'rance* into th' Way of God ;
The Lad was brisk, whom *Christian* ask'd his Name,
His Country's, and the Place from whence he came.
He told him, and said he, I seek Heaven's Gate.

Chr. The Hardship is to enter in thereat.

Ign. I shall have Neighbour's Fare. *Chr.* How know you
(that

Ign. I know Heaven's Will, live well, my Debts I pay,
Leave all, give Alms, pay Tithes, and Fast and Pray,

Chr. But in can'st not by the true Door, but in
By Crooked Ways of *Ignorance* and *Sin* ;
I doubt at last, whate'er is thy Belief,
They'll treat thee as a Robber and a Thief.

Ign. You're Strangers, Gentlemen, I know you not,
Your Country Custom you, I mine have got :
All will I hope be well ; as for the Door
You name, none here e'er of it heard before ;
Nor need they, since our Lane (as you have seen)
Which brought me here so Pleasant is and Green.

Chr. 'Twixt you and I, he does Conceited seem ;
† There's of a Fool more hopes than is of him.
His Wisdom fails him when he's in the Way,
Who, *I'm a Fool* to every one does say.
We'll leave him now till he my Words has chew'd,
Then stop to see if they have done him good.

How. That *Ign'rance* yet a little while may muse
On what is said, but let him not refuse

† *Prov.* 26. 12.

F 4

Go

Good Counsel to embrace, least he remain
Still Ignorant of what's the Chiefest Gain.

He shall, that has, have more abundant Faith,

He that has none, shall lose what Grace he hath.

Tis fit, as yet, no more he from us hear,

Ev'n as he shall be able let him bear.

As thro' a Lane as dark as Pitch they pass,

Sev'n Flends; with sev'n strong Cords had bound one fast.

Now carrying him they saw to th' Door of Hell

They'd seen, at which they both a Trembling fell.

Chr. Sure of † Apostacy 'tis Turn away.

Hope. Who 'tis his Back's Inscription does display.

¶ Wanton Professor the Apostate damn'd.

This Sight makes me remember what is fam'd

Of Little Faith, who here was in that Lane

Which comes from Broad-Way Gate with Sleep o'erta'en;

Mistrust, Faint-heart, and Guilt, three Brothers, rid

Up to him, as he lay asleep, full Speed;

Which wak'd him for his Journey out of hand,

Up they came to him all and bid him stand.

He frighted, had not Pow'r to fight or fly,

Then *Faint-heart* cry'd, Deliver instantly.

Mistrust ran to him, and his Money took,

Then he cry'd Thieves; *Guilt* quickly undertook

To stop his Mouth; so struck him on the Head

With a vast Club, and laid him down for dead.

Some on the Road to be the Thieves they heard;

'Twas Great Grace, of ¶ Good Confidence, they fear'd:

† The Town of Apostacy. ¶ The Inscription. ¶ The City
where Great Grace dwells.

Away

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Away they ran, each Rogue to save his Stake,
And left the Man, what Shift he could to make.

Hope. Took they his all? *Chr.* No; most of's spending
His earthly *Canaan's* Comfort, Milk and Honey: (Money,
They his Certificate and Jewels left,
Nor was he of his Monies quite bereft:
Yet he at Length was forc'd to beg they say,
And felt much VVant ev'n almost all the way.

Hope. 'Twas well he lost not his Certificate
Of Entrance into the Celestial Gate.

Chr. A Wonder 'twas; by's Skill, nor his Defence,
He did it not, 'twas by Good Providence.

Hope. Sure he rejoyc'd, he did his Jewels save.

Chr. He might: But him they little Comfort gave
His Money's Loss so much did him dismay,
It took his Joy and Thoughts of them away:
Tho' oft his Comfort they'd to mind recall
The Thoughts of's Loss return'd and swallow'd all.

Hope. Alas! He much must grieve. *Chr.* Ay, much in
We should, had we been made to beg and bleed, (deed,
Unknown and Poor; 'tis almost past Belief,
To think he did not die thro' Care and Grief:
He scatter'd his Complaints in every Place,
To all he saw or met bemoan'd his Case.

Hope. I wonder he his Jewels did not sell
For Want. *Chr.* You talk like Chicks that have their Shell
Yet on their Heads. How? Or, to whom? None then
Esteem'd them ought: Nor did he want what they
Could to his Comfort yield, which could convey

To

The Pilgrim's Progress.

To him, but Heavenly Good he had been cross
Of more than all the Worlds, had they been lost.

Hope. But why so tart? *Esau* did's Birth-right sell,
His chiefest: Why not *Little-Faith* as well?

Chr. Like th' Caitiff many sell their chiefest Good,
Twixt whom and *Little-Faith* 'tis just you shou'd
Distinction make: That Birth-right was you know
But Typical; these Jewels were not so:

Now *Esau's* Belly was his God, and Carnal
His Appetite: Yea, and his Lusts infernal:
But *Little-Faith's* from other Springs did move,
His Mind, tho' weak, was set on Things Above.
Vill Men on Hay? Turtles on Carrion live?
Tho' Carnal Ones for Lusts their Birth-rights give;
Yet such as have true Faith, tho' ne'er so small,
Vill not for Trifles give away their All.

Hope. True: Yet even angry at your Taunt I grew.

Chr. Why? Brisker Birds I but compar'd thee to,
Who run from th' Hen; e'er loosned from the Shell.
Forgive it, 'twixt us all will then be well.

Hope. These Rogues were sure but Cowards, since they
Sounds of Fear? Had *Little-Faith* been one (run
any Heart, they him no hurt had done.

Chr. They're Cowards call'd which true, but few have
All Courage did in *Little-Faith* abound: (found
and thou'rt but for a Brush, and then to yield.
thou art with no greater Courage fill'd,
such a Distance should they now appear,
Sight of Danger, I thy Drooping fear.
o' they be Pedling Thieves, they serve the King
Hell, He'll them (if need) Assistance bring;

Yea,

Yea, come himself, a Roaring Lion, he
I'm sure that such a One he prov'd to me.
These Villians call'd, when I did them rebuff,
Their Master came, but I was Armour Proof.
Tho I was harness'd, 'twas hard Work I found,
With Faithfulness t' 'scape a Mortal Wound.

Hope. At the Name of *Great-Grace*, yet they ran for Fear!

Chr. They and their Master fly if he appear.
'Twixt *Little-Faith* and th' Champion of the King
There Difference is, Who can you like him bring?
All are not Champions skill'd in Feats of War,
Which o' th' true God and Jesus Servants are:
'Twixt Child, and Man, Wren, Ox, the Weak and strong;
We must distinguish, as 'twixt Right and Wrong.

Hope. Would I had been but *Great-Grace* for his Sake!

Chr. Were you; you might your Pleasure much mistake.
Tho' at his Weapon he is ne'er so Good,
While at Sword's Point they are to be withstood;
Yet 'twould go hard did either with him close;
What one can do when down, who tell me knows.
Mark in *Great-Grace's* Face the Cuts and Scars,
They best demonstrate what he met i' th' Wars.
Yea, Once he said we ev'n of Life despair'd,
How *David*, *Heman*, *Hezekiah* far'd,
In their Assaults, tho' Champions of their Time;
And *Peter* of th' *Apostles* thought the Prime;
They hand'led him and made him so afraid,
His Zeal's puff'd out by th' Breath of one Poor Maid.
Besides if put to th' worst, so near's their Lord,
(if possible) He'll to 'em help afford.

" *Christ*

* "Gainst whom the Sword with which they at him strike,
 "The Spear, the Dart, and the Habergeon break;
 "Iron, Brass and Arrows he accounts as Stubble,
 "Or rotten Wood, and Stones are as a Bubble
 Had we Job's Horle, Courage and Skill to ride,
 We might thereon, hope to abate his Pride.
 A † Horse so fierce, his Neck, with Thunders spread,
 The Glory of whose Nostrils strike a Dread;
 Who paws the Valley does in's Strength rejoyce,
 Meets armed Mer, at Fear mock with his Voice;
 'Gainst Swords and rattling Quivers runs amain,
 And does the Shield and Glittering Spear disdain:
 Swallows the Ground with Fierceness and with Rage,
 Minds not the Trumpets, furious to engage.
 Neighs louder, smells the Battle from afe,
 Loves Captains Thund'ings, and the Shouts of War.
 But for such Footmen as are you and I
 Let us not wish to meet an Enemy,
 Nor vaunt, for such by the worst do most Times come.
 Perse for Christ would all out-do, than whom
 None by those Villians more were foil'd than he.
 VVhen we hear such Things done, i'th' Kings High Road,
 VVe the whole Armour on must put of God:
 ¶ But above all, of Faith must take the Shield,
 Or else Leviathan will never yield.
 VVe to go with Us must request our King,
 In Death's Shade's Vale; this made Good David sing.
 ¶ Moses would die, e'er he'd without him go;
 Ten Thousands fright not while he's with us: O
 If not, proud Helpers fall beneath the Slain;
 I really never wish to try again.

* Job 41. 26. † Job 39. 19. ¶ Ephes. 6. ¶ Exod.

2. 15.

Father,

father into Temptation lead me not,
Since safe from Bear and Lyon I am got.
May God preserve me still; then *Christian* sang.

Poor Little Faith! *Hast been among the Thieves?*
Wast rob'd? Remember this, who so believes.
Strive for more Faith, then shall ye Vict'rs be
Over Ten Thousands; else scarce over Three.

Still *Ignorance* follow'd; to Two Ways they came,
Both strait, as if they both had been the same:
Here as they stop'd to chuse, but knew not how,
One * *Black*, but cloath'd in White, came to 'em now.
Why stop ye Sirs he said? They cry'd, we go
For *Zion*, but our Way here do not know.
I also go, then follow me he said:
The Way they went, them by Degrees convey'd;
So from the City their desired Place,
At last each from it quite had turn'd his Face.
Yet on they went; 'till they were quite beset
By him, entangled in an evil Net.
Off the white Robe fell from the Black Man's Back,
They saw, but could not now help their Mistake.

Chr. The Shepherds bid us of this Man beware:
† *The Flatterer his Neighbours does ensnare.*

Hope. Our Note we have not read, but trod i' th' Ways
Of the Destroyer, of whom *David* says,
From the VWorks of Men, by thy Lips VWords I've kept,
And han't in Paths of the Destroyer stept.
Thus as they wail'd, a Shining One they saw,
Who Whip in Hand, did near unto 'em draw;

* *Of black Flesh.* † *Prov. 29. || Psalms 17. 4.*

Who

Who said, Whence came ye hither? Whither bound?
They told him how, where the Ways joyn'd they found
One of Black Flesh, but cloath'd in White, who said,

"Come follow me, I will you rightly lead,

"I go your VVay: Said he with the Whip, This Man
The False Apostle, th' * Flatterer was, who can
Into an Angel turn himself of Light.

So rent the Net, and set them free, that they
Might back with him return to the Right VVay.

VVhere laid you last? On Delectable Hills.

Had you no Caution of the Flatterer's VViles,
Nor Note o' th' VVay from th' Shepherds? Pilg. Yes in-
They bid us of the Flatterer too take heed. deed,

Shin-One. VVhy did you mind nor Cautions nor their
Note?

Pilg. That one so fine was Flatterer we ne'er thought.

Then as I dreamt, he forc'd them down to lay,

† Chastis'd them sore, to teach 'em the Good VVay:

And said, Such as I love I chasten; now repent.

VVhich done, again them on their VVay he sent;

Re-mind the Shepherds Note; No more go wrong:

They thank him; part, then sing the following Song.

"Come bither ye that walk along the VVay,

"Hear how the Pilgrims fare that go astray.

"They are entangled in an evil Net,

"Who do good Counsel to obey forget:

"Tis true, they rescued be, but yet they are

"Scourged to make them take the greater Care.

* Prov. 29. 4. Dan. 11: 32. 2 Cor. 11. 13, 14. † Rev.
3. 19.

Now one they saw, a coming them to meet.

Chr. VWho's this from *Zion* has revers'd his Feet?

Hope. Let us beware lest he a *Flatterer* prove.

Who to 'em came. * *Atheist*. Sirs, whether is't ye move?

Chr. To *Zion's* Mounr. With that he laught aloud.

VWhat now? ———

Atheist. 'Tis on your Ignorance bestow'd;

Who take such Pains that you may nothing gain.

Chr. Think you we shan't Admission there obtain?

Atheist. In all the VWorld there is not such a Place.

Chr. But in the VWorld to come. *Atheist*. Yours was
ye you I thought, went twenty Years to find (my Case.
pia out; yet only reap't the Wind.

Chr. We know God is, and Heaven's to be acquir'd.

Atheist. I more and further have than you aspir'd.
vain tow'rds Heaven, and now return again,
joy my self, and cast off Hopes in vain.

Chr. Sure his Report is false, and he untrue.

Hope. Remember how the *Flatterer* serv'd us too;
that of *Zion's* Gate we have had a View:
least the Man that scourg'd us catch us, fly;
and in your Ears your Lesson now will I

His Name was *Atheist*.

Hear

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* *Hear not Instructions which will make us err;
What tends to save our Souls believe and hear.*

Chr. I out of Doubt did not the Question start,
'Twas but to try the Soundness of thy Heart.
We. † this Worlds God know does him blind in Sin;
We Truth believe, and know no Lyes therein.

Hope. I of God's Glory do in Hope rejoice.
Off *Atheist* went, loud laughing at their Choice.
I dreamt they enter'd on Enchanted Ground,
Where mighty Drowfiness the Pilgrims found.
I am so drowsy, I have hardly Pow'r
To stand, let's sleep: *Chr.* No, least we wake no more.

Hope. Why? Sleep's to Trav'ler's sweet. *Chr.* That's to be
But yet not safe upon Enchanted Ground. (own'd)
The Shepherds bid us on it not to sleep
Like others, but being sober, || *Watch to keep.*

Hope. I own my Fault: Had I been here alone,
I might have dy'd: Thus Two are prov'd than One
Much better; thou shalt have a good Reward.

Chr. 'Gainst Sleep let Talk a Remedy afford.

Hope. With all my Heart. *Chr.* But where shall we begin?

Hope. Where God began with us. *Chr.* A good Design
First to more Liveliness to bring
Our Selves, a Song I'll to you sing.

*Left Saints should on Enchanted Ground
Grow sleepy, let their Praise resound;*

* *Prov.* 19. 27. *H.b.* 10. 39. † *John* 2. 12. || *1 Th.*
5. 6.

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Or else by Talk which edifies,
Keep'ope their drowly slumb'ring Eyes.
Saints Fellowship, if manag'd well,
Will conquer all the Charms of Hell.

Chr. What made you first pursue what now you seek?

Hope. What my Souls Good? Chr. You do my Mean-
(ing speak.

Hope. In Vanity of Vanities I found
Long Pleasures, 'till ev'n in Perdition drown'd.

Chr. What Vanities? Hope. What Worldlings live and
As Riches, Riots, Drinking, Swearing, Lying, (die in,
Whoredom, Love, Oaths, Murders and all you can
Now learn from Honour's Modern Gentleman.
At last I found, by hearing Things Divine
From you and Faithful, * All to Death incline.
† That for these Things the Wrath of God on all
The Children did of Disobedience fall.

Chr. Were you forthwith thereby convinced? Hope. No,
Unwilling Sin or Death for Sin to know:
When first touch'd, I o' th' Word oppos'd the Light.

Chr. Why did you so God's Spirit's first Workings slight?

Hope. First Ignorance that 'twas the Work of God,
Not thinking he converted with his Rod;
Sin was to th' Flesh as yet too sweet to leave it;
Of my old Companions I could not bereave it:
Conviction troubled me so much at Heart,
I could not bear't. Chr. Did it sometimes depart?

* Rom. 6. 2. † Eph. 5. 6.

Hope.

Hope. Yes, but they soon return'd with double Pain.

Chr. What was it brought your Sins to Mind again

Hope. To meet good Men, or hear the Bible read;
Of Neighbours sick; or Bells toll'd for the Dead;
When I heard others of a sudden die,
Had Thoughts of Death; the Head-ach, or when I
Thought I must quickly meet Eternal Doom.

Chr. Sin's Guilt laid heavy when these Thoughts did come

Hope. Heavy indeed, and if of going back
To Sin, I thought it put me on the Rack.

Chr. What did you then? *Hope.* My Life strive to amend
Least I should reap Damnation in the End.

Chr. Did you amend? *Hope.* Sinners and Sins I fled,
Took to Religious Duties, pray'd and read;
Bewail'd my Sins, and spoke the Truth to all,
And did much more than I to Mind recall.

Chr. What thought you then? *Hope.* I thought my Trou
Tho' thus reform'd my Troubles still came on. (bles gone

Chr. How so? *Hope.* Such Texts as these th' Occasion
As filthy Rags your Righteousnesses are (were
Unprofitable when y' have done your best.
Thought I, I ne'er of Heaven shall be possesst:
If God accounts my Works are worth no more,
I'm sure that I can never quit my Score.

Chr. How to your self, did you such Thoughts appl

Hope

Hope. I thought that if my Sins encreast so fast,
I never could account for what was past.

Chr. Your Application's good; proceed I pray.

Hope. I then concluded, had I guiltless been
All my past Life, I should deserve for Sin
To die; for now I found in all I did
Sin, Pride, Conceit, and all Corruptions hid.

Chr. Then knew you what to do? *Hope.* No; but my
To Faithful told, for him I knew. Unless (Mind
Said he, you can obtain the Righteousness
Of such a Man as yet has never sinn'd,
Tours, nor no others Works can you be-friend.

Chr. Thought you 'twas Truth? *Hope.* Not of my self; by
Constrain'd: Since now I knew my Sin and Want (Force
I did the Truth of his Opinion grant.

Chr. But thought you such a Man could e'er be found?

Hope. His Words at first did very strangely sound.
But I was soon convinc'd. *Chr.* But ask'd you who
Would justify you unto God, and how?

Hope. He told me *Jesus* would of his meer Love
Who sits on the Right Hand of God Above.
Believe in him, (you shall be justify'd)
Who willingly for your Redemption dy'd:
Thro' his Omnipotence he's now alive,
His Merits to you are imputative.

Chr. What said you? *Hope.* I against it did object,
And thought the Lord had for me no Respect.

Chr.

Hope. Yes, but they soon return'd with double Pain.

Chr. What was it brought your Sins to Mind again

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Of Neighbours sick; or Bells toll'd for the Dead;
When I heard others of a sudden die,
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Chr. How to your self, did you such Thoughts apply

Hope

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Of such a Man as yet has never sinn'd,
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Hope. He told me *Jesus* would of his meer Love
Who sits on the Right Hand of God Above.
Believe in him, (you shall be justify'd)
Who willingly for your Redemption dy'd:
Thro' his Omnipotence he's now alive,
His Merits to you are imputative.

Chr. What said you? *Hope.* I against it did object,
And thought the Lord had for me no Respect.

Chr.

Chr. What Answer then did *Faithful* to you make?

Hope. * That he that dy'd for every Persons sake,
 Did by a Book he gave, all Men invite
 To him to come. I cry'd instruct me right:
 Said he, with all your Pow'rs his Father pray,
 † His Son and Mercies thro' him to display:
 For, in your Book no Jot or Tittle shall
 (Tho' Earth and Heaven dissolve) short of Truth fall.
 Where said I to him must I supplicate?
 He always sits upon his Mercy Seat,
 Said he; said I, I know not what to say.
 You must, reply'd he, thus unto him pray.
 " Our Heavenly Father, Mercy to me show,
 " Make me in Christ believe, and make me know
 " Thee and thy Christ, † Jesus whom thou hast sent;
 " Whom true to know is Life most Excellent:
 " Eternal Life, thy Mercies magnify
 " O Father, thro' him, ev'n in such as I.

Chr. And did you so? *Hope.* Almost continually.

Chr. And did the Father manifest his Son?

Hope. Not a long Time. *Chr.* What thought you then t' have done?

Hope. I thought all Prayers and Hopes to cease; yet too
 I always thought what he had told me true:
 Therefore thought I, I perish if I cease,
 I'll, if I must die, at the Throne of Grace:
 Then thought on this; ¶ Altho' it tarry, wait:
 'Twill surely come; yea, 'twill not tarry late.

* Mat. 11. 28. † Matth. 24. 25. ‖ John ¶ Heb. 2. 3.

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At last the Father shew'd his Son to me.

Chr. How? Hope. Not with Carnal Eyes I did him see;
But with the Eyes of an Enlightned Mind,
I th' midst of Sorrow for my Filth and Sin:
I thought Hell and Damnation should have been
My Lot; when I from Heaven thought suddenly
Kind Jesus cry'd, Believe thou sav'd shall be.
Lord, cry'd I to him, I'm a Sinner great.

" My Grace sufficient is, he did repeat:

" He that believes will to me come, and he

" Who comes, believes, and shall accepted be:

" Who so believes, * sha'nt thirst or hunger more.

But Lord, said I, how shall I thee implore?

How use my Faith, and trust in thee for Pow'r?

Christ. Sinners into the World I came to save,
Am Righteousness to those that do it crave,
Believing I for such as do their best

† Fulfil the Law, and all it doth request.

" || For, for your Sins I dy'd, and rose, and Reign,

" ¶ That you may Life's Justification gain.

" I lov'd you, and I wash'd you in my Blood,

" From all your Sins, In its anointed Flood;

" And now all Power in Earth and Heaven is mine,

" At Gods Right Hand your Intercessor Reign.

I found he was the Lord our Righteousness,

And that it was his Blood which made our Peace;

Who did not only all the Law fulfil,

But suffer'd Meⁿ his Righteous Blood to spill

On Earth, that freely all may live that will:

* John 6. 35. † 1 Tim. 1. 15. Rom. 10. 4. | Chap. 4.

Heb. 7. 24, 25.

Which

Which fill'd mine Eyes with Tears, my Heart with Flame
Of Love to Jesus's People, Ways, and Name.

Chr. A Revelation this of Christ indeed.
But to what more Effects did it proceed?

Hope. I saw Christ's Saving Righteousness could give,
How Penitents the Father could receive;
Yet not his Justice wrong: And when I'd known
Christ's Beauty; from it was my Vileness shown:
Which made me long a Holy Life to live,
And Thanks and Praise thereby to Jesus give.
Too worthless I Ten Thousand Fold believe
My Life, is tho' to serve him it I give.
Hopeful as back he look'd I dreamt did find
That *Ignorance* follow'd still in Sight behind;
And told it *Christian*——

Chr. He don't for us care.

Hope. 'Twould not have hurt him if he had been here.

Chr. That's true; but doubtless, he thinks otherwise.

Hope. However for him stay: Then *Christian* cries
Why stay you so? *Ignor.* I love to walk alone,
Unless I could such as I like light on.
Then *Christian* softly did to *Hopeful* say,
I told you he lik'd not our Company;
However, let us entertain him now.

Chr. How d' y', how stands it 'twixt your God and you?

Ignor. All's well I hope, my Mind Good Motions fill,
Which Comforts to me as I walk Infill.

Chr. What are they pray? *Ign.* I think of God and Heaven.

Chr. So Devils do, and Souls of Hopes bereaven.

Ignor.

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Ignor. Of them I think, and them desire to gain.

Chr. So many do what they shall ne'er obtain.
the Sluggards Soul desires but shall not have.

Ignor. Of them I think, and for them all I leave.

Chr. I doubt it leaving All's too hard: But why
think you for Heaven and God, you all Things fly?

Ignor. My Heart confirms it. Chr. th' Fool the Heart be-
(lives.)

Ignor. An evil Heart, a good one ne'er deceives;
comforts to me i' th' Hopes of Heaven it gives.

Chr. Hearts, thro' Deceit, do oft give groundless Hopes.

Ignor. My Hopes my Life's Agreement with them
(props.)

Chr. Who told thee that? Ignor. My Heart. Chr. If God's
confirm it not, all else no Worth afford. (good Word

Ignor. Good Thoughts and a good Life shew a good
(Heart.)

Chr. Yes, but to be, not think so, is our Part.

Ignor. What Thoughts or Life account you good? Chr.
which Us to Lowliness and Love dispose. (Why those

Ignor. But of our Selves? Chr. Such as with Truth agree.

Ignor. As how? Chr. Why that None Righteous is, not one:
that our Hearts, Thoughts, fill into evil run.

When thus we think our selves we 'ave Justice done.

* Prov. 28. 29.

Ignor.

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Ignor. My Heart so bad! I ne'er believe it will.

Chr. Therefore thy Thoughts of it were ever ill.
And as our Hearts are ill so are our Ways,
And till we think of both what Scripture says,
Our Thoughts are ill. *Ignor.* Prove it. *Chr.* Truth does re-
Our Ways are nat'rally Crooked and Perverse. (heard)
When thus we humbly think, we think aright.

Ign. What Thoughts of God must we account upright

Chr. When we think of him, what his Word declares
But to our Selves; when we think of him thus,
Than we our Selves he better knoweth us.
VWho Sin hid from us in us can disclose;
Being greater than our Hearts, he all Things knows.
Tho' they condemn us, he'll forgive a Fault,
VWho hates the Proud and does the Meek exalt.

Ignor. Think you, I think not God Omniscient?
Of Sins I th' best I do, I do repent.

Chr. Explain your Self. *Ignor.* Christ justifies alone.

Chr. Say'st so? And yet no Need of him thou'lt own.
Thy Original and Actual Frailties thou
Perceivest not, how canst thou this allow?

Ignor. Yet well enough believe. *Chr.* Believe, but how

Ignor. That Christ for Sinners dy'd, and justifies
To God from th' Curse, my willing Sacrifice:
Christ my Religious Duties makes to be
(Thro's, Merits) pleasing to the Deity.

Chr. You Christ to justify your Action's make,
And then your Person for your Actions Sake.

You Faith's deceitful, for a Faith that's true,
Makes Souls when they their lost Condition view
Quite naked fly when they have done their Best,
Their worthless Works, wholly on Christ to rest.

Ignor. Such Faith in Christ would give our Lust the
If Faith in him alone our Safety gaine (Reins,

Chr. O Ignorance indeed, as well as Name,
Think not for Faith, without Good Works I am ;
I'd only have you to all Self-hood die,
And take your Prospects with a single Eye.

Hope. Have you had Christ from Heaven reveal'd ?
What you a Man for Revelations are ? (Declare.

Ig. Say what you will, y' had better save your Pains,
To make me think Whimfies have fill'd your Brains,

Hope. Man Christ in God's self, hid from th' fleshly Mind,
His Father draws not, you'll no Saviour find.

Ignor. My Father's as good as yours, Desires as warm,
Tho' in my Head not half your Whimfies swarm.

Chr. Slight not, Sir Ignorance, Hopeful's good Advice
Christ is the Gift of God, and not our Choice ;
Faith's in us wrought by th' Working's of his Love,
And Christ's alone reveal'd by God above.

Ignor. You go so fast, I cannot hold your Way,
Therefore I leave you then did Christian say.

O Ignorance, wilt thou yet foolish be ?
Good-Council slight, so often given thee.
If still thou wilt refuse it, thou wilt know
E'er long the Evil of doing so.

Yet recollect and take good Counsel well,
Humble thy self and save thy self from Hell ;
But if thou wilt not I will warrant thee,
Thou'lt (Ignorance) the only Loser be.

G

Chr.

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Chr. I see that we must walk alone again.
(On go they; *Ignorance* follows with much Pain.)
I pity him, his End at last I fear,

Hope. Whole Countries, Courts and Cities like him
And like him should your equal Pity share. (are,

Chr. He hath blinded them least they should see, 'tis said;
Think you such Men no Convictions had?

Hope. Speak your own thoughts, you are the elder Man.

Chr. I think they have, but slight 'em all they can
And so thro' Ignorance, Hell does them Trapan.

Hope. Fear first to Good stirs up the Inclination.

Chr. * *The Fear of the Lord is Wisdom's first Foundation*
Discovered by three Things: First, by its Rise,
Saving Convictions of our Sins and Vice.

Next it th' Soul to Christ for Safety drives.

Lastly, it thence to Reverence God arrives.

His Word and Ways, and fears to turn aside,

Or cause God's Enemies Truth to deride.

Hope. True, We're now e'en off th' enchanted Ground.

Chr. Of such Discourse don't you be weary found.

Hope. No, I would only know but where we are.

Chr. 2 Miles and then w'are past th' Enchantment
The Ignorant know not such Convictions will (fear
Tend to their Good, so seek to stifle 'em still.

Hope. How! *Chr.* First, they think they from the Devil
Directly tending to their Overthrow. (How

2. They think they spoil their Faith, tho' they have
So gainst 'em make their Hearts hard as Stone. (None

3. Think Fear's a Fault, and so presume on Heaven

4. And hate to lose their Pharisick Leaven.

* Prov. 17.

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Hope. Before I knew my Self 'twas so with me.

Chr. But Ignorance now is left behind we see ;
So We'll chuse other profitable Talk.

Chr. Some Ten Years past knew you one Temporary?

Hope. He did in * Graceless dwell. Chr. Ay, Marr.

Hope. A distant Town, Two Miles from † Honesty;
He the next Door did to one Turn back dwell.

Chr. And under the same Roof with him 'twas Well,
He once was much awakened. Hope. So he was ;
His many Tears did in me Pity cause ;
See, not all are sav'd that cry Lord, Lord.

Chr. I knew him once to Pilgrimage accord ;
But Save-his him, from my Acquaintance drew.

Hope. Let's now of such Backsliders take a View.

Chr. Since you request it, pray begin it too.

Hope. I will, and for it these Four Reasons give :
Altho' alarm'd, their Minds unchang'd remain,
So soon their Sense of Guilt wears off again,
And Nature will return like || Pope to Pork,
Altho' thou should'st expell it with a Fork :
Such as are hot for Heaven, thro' Fear of Hell,
Cool in their Love, as they their Fears expell.
2. They are o're Master'd by their slavish Fear ;
Their Fear of Men, ¶ which with it brings a Snare.

* The Town named Graceless, † A Town. || One of the
Pope's always us'd to have a Dish of Pork ; being sick, his
Physicians order'd it not to be brought in ; at which the Pope
being enrag'd said, Give me my Pork in spite of God ;
as in Ital. In despetto de Dio. ¶ Prov. 29. 25.

G 2

On

On Second Thoughts, say they, we'll be more wise,
Than seek unnecessary M series,

Which we can no Ways shun, if we remain:

So ever stroke to embrace the World again.

3. Shame for Religion giveth them Offence,
Which looks too Low for Proud and Haughty Sense:
Therefore when they forget their Fears of Hell,
And Wrath to come, again 'gainst Heaven rebell.

4. To think of Guilt and Terrors grievous are,
And would not Misery see e'er they it share;
A Prospect which did they but rightly mind,
They'd fly where th' Righteous fly, and Safety find:
For Want of which soon as God's Wrath seems o're,
They in their Sins are harden'd Seven Times more.

Chr. You've very well the Case of such explain'd,
Only the Fears they feel just when Arraign'd
Of Death for Sin, make such seek Heaven and God,
Who mind him only when they feel his Rod.

Hope. I've shewn you why, shew me how such backslide

Chr. At first they cause their Heart's Thoughts to roam
Quite off from God, Judgment and Death to come.

2. 'Gainst secret Sins they cease to watch and pray

3. From Warm and Lively Christians turn away.

4. From Publick Duties by Degrees withdraw:

5. To hide their Shame in good Men seek a Flaw.

6. To the Carnal Loose and Wanton next adhere.

7. Debauch in secret, then at good Men flee,

8. Then openly in little Sins appear.

9. Which hard'ning them, they freely shameless are
And Launch into the Gulf of Misery;

A Million to one in their Deceivings die.

And now I dream, beyond the Enchanted Ground

* Beulah's delightful Land the Pilgrims found.

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The Air was sweet, their Way direct and plain;
 Here they a while for their Delight remain.
 The Winged Choristers here ever sing
 Sweet Lays, inspir'd by a perpetual Spring.
 And in the Land the Turtles Voice was heard;
 In the Meridian, still the Sun appear'd.
 The Valley of Death's Shadow hence was far,
 Here was no *Doubting Castle* nor *Dispair*.
 The Holy City hence with Ease was kenn'd,
 Here often would her Shining Ones descend:
 The *Bride* and *Bridegroom's* Contracts here renew'd;
 And God's rejoycing over them is shew'd:
 Here Corn and Wine they in Abundance gain;
 And what they sought, ev'n * all good Things obtain.
 They from the City heard this cry'd again.

*To Zion's Daughter sing and say,
 Now her Salvation see she may;
 Thy all condescending King
 Thine his Reward does with him bring.*

The Pilgrims now, so here the People all;
 To th' Lord redeem'd, sought out, and holy call:
 Here as they walk'd, they could the City view,
 And of what Stones it was erected too.
 They Walls of Pearls and Precious Stones behold;
 The Streets were pav'd with pure Transparent Gold;
 And such a Glory from the City shone,
 They with Desire fell sick to think thereon;
 And cry'd as with the Pangs thereof they strove
 Tell our beloved we are sick of Love.
 Then gaining Strength their Way does nearer bring
 Them to the L^d's Horts and Vineyards of the King;

* The Holy Spirits lower Day Effusion. † Canticles.

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Whose Gard'ners all stand ready in the Road,
To welcome them to the Gardens of their God:
So into them to Taste the Fruits they slept,
Then down in pleasant Arbours sate and slept:
Now as they slept, I heard they convers'd more
Than in their Journey they did e'er before;
I sought the Cause, the Gard'ner did me shew't,
Muse not said he, The Nature of the Fruit,
Which goes so sweetly down, it is does make
The Lips of such as are asleep to speak.
When they awoke, they took their Leaves, and on
They went; but so the City's Glory shone,
With open Face they could not it behold:
Lest now they met two Men in shining Gold,
Whole Faces were illustrious as the Light,
These ask'd the Men what Pains and what Delight
They had pass'd thro'; who told them, then said they,
Two Difficulties yet but cross your way;
Then you'll into the City Entrance gain.
The Pilgrims said, Let us be of your Train.

Ang. You shall; but Entrance must by Faith obtain.
But now I saw a deep and mighty Stream
Did intervene betwixt the Gate and them;
They at the *Sygyian Floods* were much amaz'd,
And much desir'd some other Way t' have pass'd.
The Shining Ones reply'd, In vain you strive,
You this way only can at Heaven arrive.
None *Enoch* and *Elijah's* Ways repair,
Till Chang'd and Caught up to the Lord's Air.
The Pilgrims both, but chiefly *Christian*, knew
(In this odd Plight) not now what he should do:
Said they is't deep? Alike from Side to Side,
Tho' we can't help you th' Angels now reply'd,
Yet know you this, its Depth will be when try'd;
According as you in Our King confide.

Then

Then both stept in off from the River's Brink,
Soon *Christian* cry'd to *Hopeful*, Friend I sink.
In Waters deep the Billows o're me, ah!
And all his Waves and Storms have past, *Selah*.

Hope. Chear up, I feel the Bottom, and 'tis Good.

Chr. Ah me! I fear I shall not pass the Flood.
Darkness and Horrors great on *Christian* fell,
Who neither what he said, or did, could tell.
Like such as on their Death's Bed passing are,
You nothing from them but Confusion hear.
Here all his Sins now stai'd him in the Face,
And Death and Hell; hard was poor *Christians* Case.
Hopeful could scarce keep's Head above the Waves;
Dit down he sinks, and oft above them raves.

Hope. Courage, the Men I waiting for us see.

Chr. Ah! Brother 'tis for you they wait, not me;
Were I belov'd, I had escap'd the Snare.

Hope. Mind what the Text o' th' wicked does declare,
None in their Death have Hand, their Strength is whole.
No Plagues or Troubles in it vex their Soul.

These Troubles shew not God here left you hath;
They are but the last Tryals of your Faith.

Cheer up for *Jesus Christ* thee whole has made.

Christian thereat rejoic'd, cry'd out and said,

I see and bear him say I with thee go,

Thro all the Floods none shall thee o'ershrow.

My Fears are lost, now find I Ground to stand;

Hence went they safe to th' Angels on the Land.

Angels. We for you th' Heirs of Salvation wait,
Attend and ease you up to *Sion's Gate*.

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Their Mortal Robes i' th' River left behind,
The Steep Ascent they very easy find.
Sweetly Discoursing with the Heavenly Crouds;
As they transcend the Regions of the Clouds:
Being (now Triumphant o're Things Transitory),
Entering into inutterable Glory:
Mount *Zion* Celestial *Jerusalem*.
Numberless Angels, and the Spirits of them
Who perfect are; the Paradise of God,
Where th' Tree of Life in Common is bestow'd;
There in white Robes shall you talk to, and sing
Th' Eternal Praise of *Zion's* God and King:
Here you no more inferiour things shall view,
All Former Things are gone, all Present New.
Prophets, Apostles, Patriarchs there you'll see,
And shall with *Abraham, Isaac, Jacob*, be.

Pilg. What we must do in Heaven make to us known
Ang. Rejoyce, not toil, and reap what you have sown
Wear Crowns of Gold still see the Holy one,
Who there will as he is, be to you known.
And there his Praises forth for ever show,
Whom you so much desir'd to serve below:
There all your Senses shall with Joys be crown'd,
And all that after come shall greet, arround,
With Glory and with Majesty bedight.
Be to ride forth Glory's Sovereign fit,
When he with Sound of Trump shall in the Clouds,
On Wings of all the Wings with Heavenly Crouds,
Sit on a Throne to judge the World beneath,
And Sentence Sinners, Devils, Hell and Death;
Because they him and you have scorn'd;
Then with him back to Heaven in Triumph ride.

Now, now, look how the Holy Pilgrims ride;
Clouds are their Chariots, Angels are their Guide.

The Pilgrim's Progress

Who would not for him here all Hazards run?

Who thus receives us when the World is done.

Fresh Heavenly Hosts, Come forth to meet 'em now,
To whom the Shining Ones their Pilgrims show.
These are, say they, such as have lov'd our Lord;
For him left all his Name on Earth ador'd.
And we who their own Guardian Angels are,
Have safely brought (them as you see) thus far:
That now with Joy they see their Saviour may.
Blessed (with mighty Shouts, Heavens Host did say,)
Are these called to the Marriage of the Lamb.
Now the Kings Trumpeters forth to meet them came,
And made the Heavens with Melodies around,
Of Trumpets and Hermonious Shouts resound:
Them on all Sides the Hoavenly Hosts enclose,
As tho' the upper Regions all arose.
With mighty Shouts and louder Harmonies,
Heavens Opera seem'd as glorious to the Eyes }
As if they had drawn up the Curtain of the Skies. }
When Saints rejoice the Pilgrims all around,
Th' Angels to intermix their Musick sound.
All signify their Universal Joy,
And Words and Songs to welcome them employ.
Thus they the first Fruits of Heaven arrive:
Now of the City they have a perfect View,
Warm Thoughts of Joy immediate Joy renew:
Their glorious Company does them surprize,
And now the Feast their Thoughts, Desires, and Eyes,
With inutterable inconceivable Glories.
Over the City Gates they did behold
Written in Characters of Living Gold

*They are Blessed, they are true,
Who do his Commandments do,
They have Right with his Delights,*

The Pilgrim's Progress.

*Of Life's Tree to come and eat
In the City thro' the Gate.*

Their Angels bid the Men knock at the Gate,
Which when they'd done, some from above thereat,
As Enoch, Moses and Elijah, down
Upon the Pilgrims lookt, whose Angels said
That these their Pilgrims from Destruction had;
Came to Mount Zion, for the Love they bore,
Almighty God the Monarch they adore.
Then each gave in his own Certificate.
Which carry'd were unto the King, thereat.
He asked where they were without the Gate.
'Twas answer'd; to the which reply'd the King,

*Set ope the Everlasting Gate,
Let th' righteous Nation in thereat;
Such as love my Truth and Grace,
Such shall see me Face to Face,*

The Gates set ope, I as they entered there
Dreamt, that they alter'd, and transfigured were,
Then clad in glorious Robes I did behold,
And to them given Harps and Crowns of Gold:
Crowns them to Honour, Harps to praise their God.
The City round these Acclamations roar'd,
Into the Joy now enter of our Lord.
To which themselves did with this Song accord.

*All Glory, Blessing, Honour Power
To him that sits upon the Throne,
For ever and for evermore,
Be to the Lamb, and Holy One.*

The Streets were pay'd with pure Transparent Gold
In their Hands Victorious Palms did hold,
And Crowns of Glory were on all bestow'd,
With Golden Harps to praise the Lord their God.

Som





